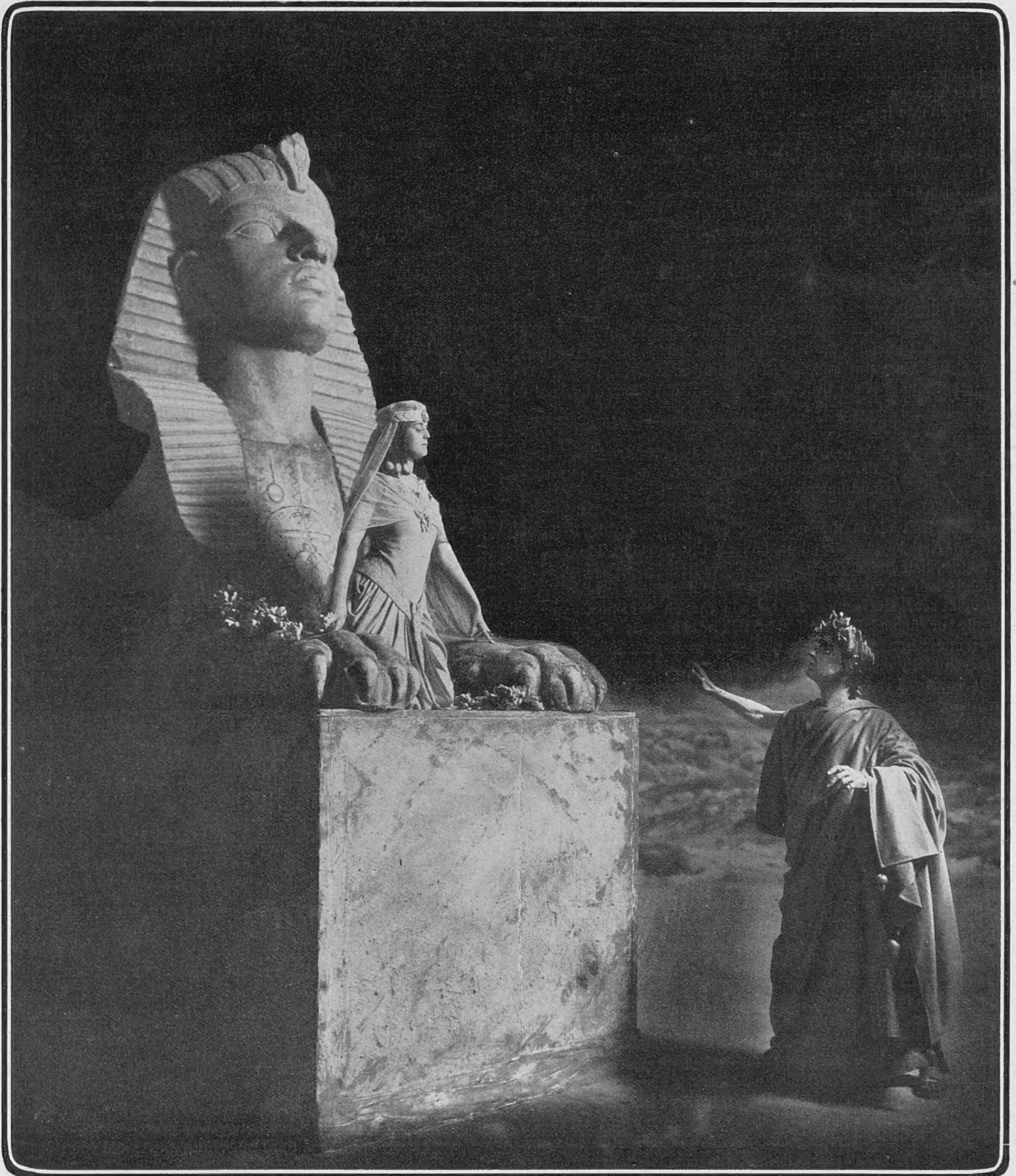


The Sketch

No. 727.—Vol. LVI.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1907.

SIXPENCE.



THE COMEDY CLEOPATRA: THE SPHINX SCENE IN MR. BERNARD SHAW'S "CÆSAR AND CLEOPATRA."

MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT AS CLEOPATRA AND MR. J. FORBES-ROBERTSON AS CÆSAR, IN AMERICA.

Photograph by Hull, New York.

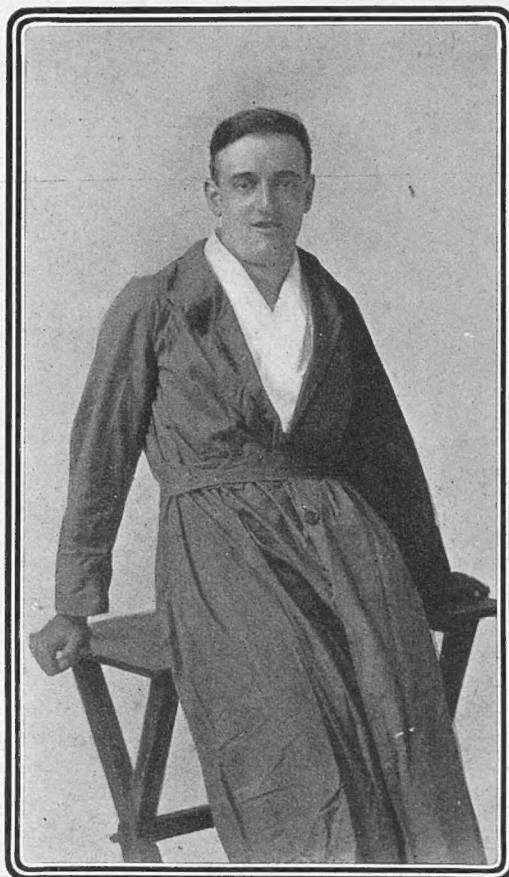
THE CLUBMAN.

New Year's Resolutions of Nations—Our Duty to France and Russia—King Peter's New Year—Good Wishes for Balkan Sovereigns.

CHATTING with one of the most open-minded Frenchmen I know, I was asked if I was *au fait* in all the details of the British Education question, and I unhesitatingly said that I was not, and that I fancied that ninety-nine Britons out of a hundred were in the same state of semi-ignorance concerning the affair. This seemed to please him. "Yet there is not one Englishman in a hundred who is not ready to give an opinion upon our Church and State question, which is infinitely more complex than your Church and school one," said my Frenchman, and he thereupon delivered me a lecture upon the fondness we Britons have for interfering in the domestic affairs of other countries, and asked what we should say if his countrymen gave us advice as to what kind of religious instruction, if any, was to be given in our schools. "You would call us impertinent," he said; "but if your people interfere, as they show signs of doing, in our domestic trouble, we should be far too polite to say anything of the kind, whatever we might think."

I really believe that the best New Year's resolution this country as a whole can make is to mind its own business. We have, for a wonder, some friends just now on the Continent. I have written of the changes of French opinion—that of the real French, not the *hôteliars* and shop-keepers—towards us: first a rather sulky acquiescence in the official friendship declared at the Elysée, next the acceptance by Paris and the manufacturing towns, and finally the accession to the unwritten pact by the bourgeoisie and the Army—the two most conservative elements in France. Frenchmen are good friends—they are almost quixotically faithful to the grasp of hands; and though, for a thousand and one good reasons, it would be difficult to weaken the *Entente*, some minor blunder of taste or lack of tact might do more harm than any grave error of diplomacy. Therefore let us turn our attention to the many beams which are always in the national eye and leave the French to deal with the mote which is troubling their vision.

As with the French so with the Russians. It takes but little prescience to be sure that a Russo-Anglian friendship is high on the diplomatic horizon, and that it will, in this year of grace, take concrete form. If we know comparatively little of the trend of French thought, the man in the streets and the man in the clubs can be truly said to know nothing of the forces which jostle each other like angry waves in Russia. It is only necessary to recall the talk of club-land during the past two years to know that men well informed on Russian questions are as stable as the weathercocks are. There was not a man in a club sitting before a comfortable fire, the New Year's Day of last year,



AN ACTOR WHO HAS GIVEN UP THE STAGE FOR THE LIFE RELIGIOUS: MR. GEORGE TROLLOPE.

Mr. George Trollope, the able young actor who appeared with so much success in "A Man of Honour," has left the stage, and is now in Rome, working as an ecclesiastical student at the Beda College. He was under contract to Mr. Arthur Bouchier until a few days ago, but asked for a release from his engagement. He appeared in, among other plays, "Business is Business," "Brother Officers," "The Second in Command," and "The Sign of the Cross." The Pope received him in private audience last Friday.

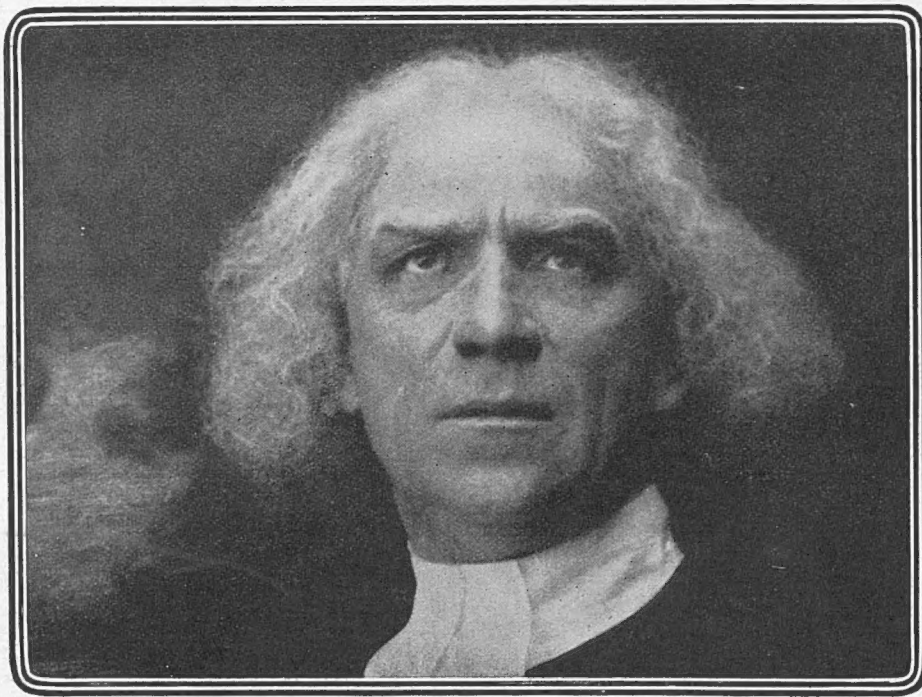
Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

One of the quite delightful characteristics of Balkan politics is that such a minor matter as the life of a man does not count at all if any combination is hindered by it. There have been most interesting meetings of schoolmasters from all the states talking

the language of the Serb; there have been exhibitions of paintings by artists of all the Balkan races, and under these smiling meetings of the waters there have been under-currents of talk which some day will whisk under a monarch or two and fling up to the surface a princeling with a dual or triple crown on his head. The Bulgarian Army, reinforced by the Servian one, would not wait for the Turks to complete their military roads up to the passes in the Balkans; and if Roumania—but I am beginning to play that fascinating game in which generals are pawns, prime ministers the castles, commanders-in-chief the knights, plenipotentiaries the bishops, the army the queen, and the Sovereign the rather helpless king who can only hop the width of his palace square out of danger. It may be that what my French friend

holding a wine-glass by its base and sipping his ante-dinner sherry-and-bitters, who was not prepared to tell all the rest of the club what he would have done had he been Tsar, and how the concessions he would have made would have put an end by kindness, once and for all, to bomb-throwing. At the present moment the typical clubman is prepared to instruct the Prime Minister of Russia how bomb-throwing ruffians should be destroyed as mad dogs are, and has altogether forgotten the existence of a Tsar. The deputation to the Russian Duma was burked by the national British common-sense, and that same common-sense should keep tongues from wagging and pens from scribbling while diplomacy cements for us what should be a magnificent friendship for both countries.

The Tsar, still living a hermit's life, may well be wished a happier New Year; but of all the potentates of Europe, King Peter of Servia most requires good wishes for 1907. To read continually in the journals of all nations discussions as to who is to succeed him in the immediate future, when he himself has not the slightest intention of a voluntary resignation and hopes that he has established a dynasty, must be very annoying. To know that one's throne and palace are being offered to British and German princes, and being declined with thanks, must be nerve-shaking; and to hear that, as a *pis aller*, a Montenegrine is to be called in must really hurt King Peter's proper pride. The Servian King was not in Belgrade when I stayed there last autumn for a few days; he was away making a tour with one of his Ministers in the outlying provinces; but I was told that if I had seen him I should hardly have recognised in the deep-lined face of the ruler of the hungry Serbs the debonair gentleman whom I used to see smoking cigarettes and feeding the swans in Geneva.



THE MUSICAL VERSION OF "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S: MR. DAVID BISPHAM AS THE VICAR.

Also taking prominent parts in the piece are Miss Isabel Jay, who plays Olivia; Mrs. Theodore Wright, who plays Mrs. Primrose; Mr. Richard Temple, who plays "Mr. Burchell"; and Mr. Walter Hyde, who plays Squire Thornhill—*Photograph by J. Bacon and Sons.*

told me concerning French domestic affairs applies as well to the Balkan States, and therefore I wish King Peter better nights, King Charles a return of health, and Prince Ferdinand more ease in the saddle in 1907.

WAS NAPOLEON III.'S MOUSTACHE

BLACK OR

YELLOW?



A MAKE-UP ROUND WHICH CONTROVERSY

RAGES: M. BURGUET AS NAPOLEON III.

IN "LA SAVELLI," AT THE THÉÂTRE RÉJANE.

Paris is much exercised as to the colour of Napoleon III.'s moustache. In making-up as the Emperor, M. Charles Burguet dons black moustache and imperial. This has caused much comment. Some argue that the moustache should be yellow, another that it should be yellowish, while others plump for "ox-tail" colour, black, reddish-brown treated with a black cosmetic, and dark chestnut-brown. The controversy does not say much for the average person's perceptive faculties. There are living quite a number of people who saw Napoleon III.: how they differ on a matter of fact has been indicated. Mr. Clarkson, who made the moustache, states that it is chestnut-brown, but that the stage lighting makes it appear black. The insets show the obverse and reverse of a Napoleon III. Louis.

Photograph by Royer.

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James Carter and Co.'s Illustrated Catalogue for 1907.

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of London and Smiths Bank, Limited," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the
East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.**SOME GENERAL NOTES.**

OF cosmopolitan interest is the quietly announced engagement of Lord Rothschild's second son, Mr. Charles Rothschild, to a young Hungarian lady. The great financial dynasty has family links with all the European capitals, and Lady Rothschild represents, in this country, the brilliant French branch of the clan. The fact that Mr. Walter Rothschild is a confirmed bachelor of course lends special significance to the forthcoming marriage. The bridegroom-elect has fewer hobbies than his elder brother, but he has inherited the family gift for making money, and there are some who regard him as the cleverest Rothschild of the generation now living.

Lord Portarlington was till recently one of the "infant" Peers, and, like Lord Hastings, he is marrying in his Maytime. His beautiful fiancée, Miss Yuill, will be a wealthy and pretty addition to the small group of Colonial Peeresses. Warwickshire is rich in Earls, and Shakspeare's county is delighted with the news of Lord Guernsey's engagement to Miss Gladys Fellowes. The eldest son of the Earl of Aylesford is heir to a splendid old place, Parkington Hall. Miss Fellowes is one of the many first cousins of the Duke of Marlborough. Both Lord Guernsey and his future wife are among the young people the King and Queen delight in meeting.

An old-fashioned Christmas has heralded a return to the old-world winter dances and great country balls. In town, the coming dance hostess is Mrs. Rube, the clever wife of a great millionaire, who has hit on the original idea of a silver-wedding ball, at which only white-and-silver are to be worn; while, of course, all the decorations will be on the same lines. Sussex will also be blessed in the matter of dancing, for both Battle Abbey and Normanhurst are en fête and in friendly rivalry this week. Lady Brassey is a delightful country-house hostess, typically English in all her methods of entertainment, while Mrs. Grace, who is now mistress of historic Battle Abbey, is, of course, an American. As for the great hunt balls, they may be regarded as movable feasts, but this year the Vale of White Horse Hunt entertains its dancing friends on Friday (4th) and so opens the hunt ball season. The advent of the motor has made the giving of country balls a far easier matter than it used to be, for gallant contingents of dancing men can now be brought considerable distances from garrison towns, naval ports, and rival 'Varsities.

As a gift-book, it would be difficult to beat the "Christie Album," which contains a varied collection of representative drawings by Mr. Howard Chandler Christie. The subjects include Society pictures, military subjects, sketches of frontier life, and cartoon and pictures of sentiment, and all are interesting. The work is published by Messrs. Dean and Son, Limited.

TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.



SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THIS next week sees the beginning of an important royal tour, for on Thursday, the 10th, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught leave for Hong Kong. Their Royal Highnesses are familiar with part of the ground they are to cover during their stay in the East, for they were in India for some considerable time, and were credited with being anxious to prolong their stay there. It is rumoured that the Duke and Duchess may return

home in May *via* Canada, where their only son, Prince Arthur, had a very successful sojourn on his way back from Japan. Their Royal Highnesses will be accompanied by Princess Patricia and a distinguished suite.

A New Mistress of the Robes?

The rumour that the Duchess of Buccleuch will shortly resign the greatest office in Queen Alexandra's Household is causing much fluttering in aristocratic dovecotes. The position, which was political during the long reign of Queen Victoria, is no longer so owing to her present Majesty being Queen Consort, and doubtless some lady in the immediate Court world will be chosen. A Duchess is almost invariably appointed, but it is said that Lady Lansdowne (the Duchess of Buccleuch's sister) may be offered the high office.

The "Theatre Royal," Chatsworth.

No private theatre in the world has seen such distinguished gatherings as the erstwhile ballroom in the Duke of Devonshire's "Palace of the Peak." The Chatsworth stage, on which theatricals are to be given during the King's visit, is no temporary "fit-up" affair, but a perfect miniature of what a good theatre should be, and it was designed and arranged by no less a veteran than Mr. Hemsley, the noted scene-painter. Oddly enough, the splendid apartment which till comparatively lately was known as "the ballroom," though built in 1830, was never used for dancing. Even when the most splendid ball ever given at Chatsworth—that in honour of the visit of the then Prince of Wales some thirty-five years ago—

took place, the background was the dining-room, and not the more magnificent room which has now been turned to such good account by the present Duchess of Devonshire.

The Modest Bard.

If within recent years he has had any doubts in the matter, the congratulations which Mr. Kipling has received this week upon the forty-first anniversary of his birth should finally establish in his mind the fact that he is one of the most popular men in all the Britains. Perhaps he himself is the only man who is dubious on the point. He really does seem dubious. "Does it not seem to you that a work of this kind would be best published after the subject were dead?" he asked his biographer when begged to write a prefacial note. He appreciated the enthusiasm of his admirer, but that did not affect the question. "Considering things from the point of view of the public—to whom, after all, your book must go—is there enough to them in anything that Mr. Kipling has written to justify one whole book about him?" The author might have pleaded that though undoubtedly excellent, the book is but a little one. However, it did appear, with the subject's little self-depreciation in the preface, and none of us likes Mr. Kipling the less for it.



THE MODEST BARD: MR. RUDYARD KIPLING, WHO HAS JUST CELEBRATED HIS FORTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

Photograph by Reginald Haines.

A "Royal" Wedding.

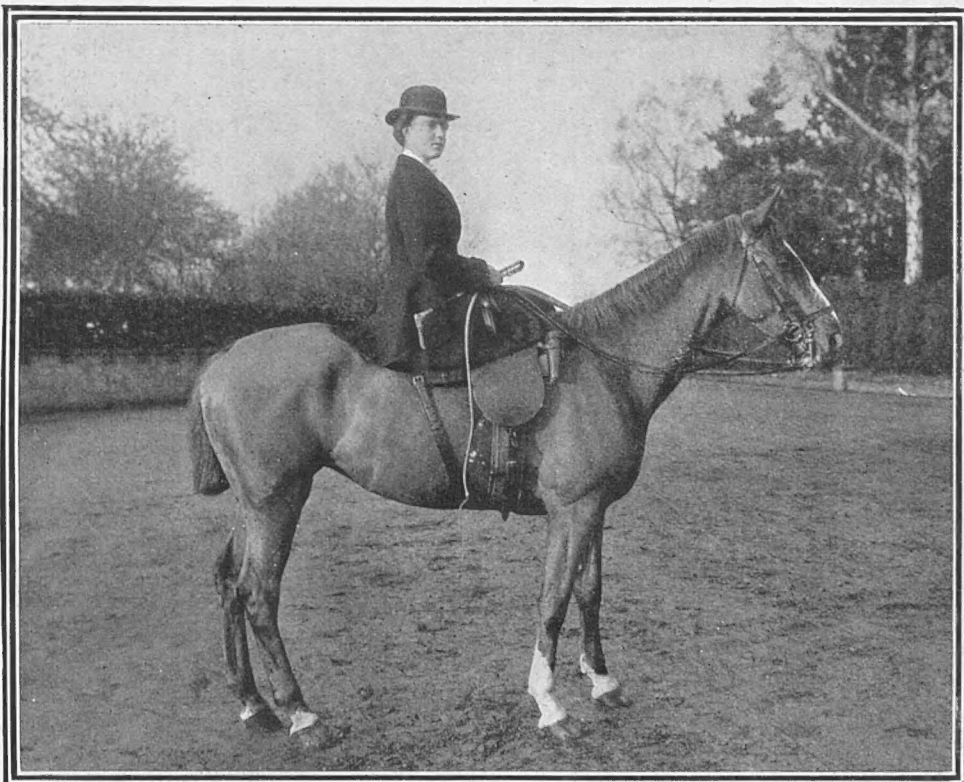
There will be a strong muster of royal guests at the marriage of young Lord Hastings and Miss Madge Nevill, for the bridegroom is not only a favourite godson of the King, but he, as his father was before him, is a near neighbour of their Majesties in Norfolk. Miss Nevill, who is a half-sister of Lady Camden and a niece of Lord Grimthorpe, has lived most of her life in Sussex, at Eridge Castle, but of late she has been often in the east of England, and she is already well acquainted with the neighbourhood of Melton Constable, her future home. Lord Hastings is the most intimate friend of Prince Arthur of Connaught, and it is possible that the Prince may be his best man. Royal personages rarely pay such an honour to a subject; an exception which proved the rule was on the occasion of Lord Brooke's marriage to Miss Maynard, for the future Earl of Warwick had the Duke of Albany as best man.

Will the Bubble Burst?

American statesmen, their obiter dicta supported by that of Mr. Rockefeller, seem determined to make the most of the opportunity to decry the mad competition of their fellows to "get rich quick." It is to be hoped that the great wave of prosperity is destined to have no such disastrous ebb as that which England knew in the days of her gambling frenzy. We were just as wild in the old years over stocks, worthy and worthless, as America is to-day. Everybody was bitten with the craze for the unearned increment. Pope did not exaggerate when he cried—

Statesmen and patriots ply alike the Stocks,
Peers and butler share alike the box;
And judges' job, and bishops bite the town;
And mighty dukes pack cards for half-a-crown.

Might not some of the lines apply to-day to the frenzied-finance zone of which leading men in the United States are complaining to all the listening world?



THE FUTURE LADY HASTINGS: MISS MADGE NEVILL, WHO IS TO MARRY LORD HASTINGS.

Photograph by De'Ath and Comdon.

What Did He Mean?

All the world that knew joined in felicitating Mr. Chauncey Depew upon his marriage (his second), two or three years ago, to Miss May Palmer, the charming sister of Madame von André, a close friend of the Duchess of Devonshire. Rumour had so often "engaged" the famous orator that she was tired of her task, and the marriage came at last as a surprise. Since then the lady of his choice has had an opportunity of filling the rôle of ministering angel in her husband's grievous illness. And nobly she has played her part. She is bright and clever, musical and artistic, and before this trouble gave musical parties which were famous. She is American-born, but Paris-bred—an ideal combination in American eyes. "Tennyson may sing, 'There are no maids like England's,' but I have demonstrated my belief that there are no maids like America's," said the happy bridegroom at the time of his marriage. Mrs. Depew tells a diverting story of her wedding-tour. A fellow-passenger on the steamer was a stodgy Scot, who liked the conversation of the orator, though he did not know him. "That's as Chauncey Depew always tells the tale," said Mr. Depew, finishing off one of his stories. "What like is this Chauncey Depew?" asked the Scot. "My dear," said the humorist, turning to his bride, "what does Depew look like?" "Very much as you do, I imagine," answered the lady. "Surely, Madam, you do your husband an injustice," answered the Scotsman, with a gesture of expostulation and protest.

Diplomatic Doubles.

It has long been a saying with Americans, "We send our best sons to England as Ambassadors; she should send her best to us." Mr. Bryce, who succeeds Sir Mortimer Durand, would be the last to admit that he is "England's best," but we all know that he is the man whom America wanted. His "American Commonwealth" is the standard work on America, and Americans venerate him as Holland venerated Motley. Moreover, he is additionally favoured, in American eyes, in that he is the physical duplicate of Mr. Whitelaw Reid. Every man has his "double"; Messrs. Bryce and Reid might almost pass for brothers, if not for each other. In ripe scholarship and knowledge of the world the men are alike. Mr. Bryce, although, perhaps, by the majority of his countrymen he is regarded as more of scholar and recluse than as a traveller, has been farther and into wilder fields than many men who are viewed as inveterate globe-trotters. He has travelled in Russia, India, Fiji, Japan; he has thrice visited America, and has placed his foot on the summit of Mount Ararat, where the Ark is supposed to have rested. And where he has travelled he has generally been able to make himself understood



WIFE OF A FAMOUS AMERICAN ORATOR: MRS. CHAUNCEY DEPEW.

Photograph by Altman and Co.

in the language of the land. His mastery of tongues will be of service to him in America, where every language of civilisation is represented. They say that when the representative of a London daily was sent to interview the new Ambassador, he was found fluently discoursing in Hebrew on Judaism with the elders of a synagogue. We do know for a fact that his speech in German was one of the features of the recent visit of the Teutonic litterateurs to England. Herr Cassell, the leader of the Liberal Party on the Berlin City Council, expressed unbounded delight at the eloquent manner in which Mr. Bryce had spoken, saying, "His words have gone right to the hearts of the Germans who have heard him." His diplomacy, we may expect, will be of the plain John Bull stamp—that frank honesty which, employed by Sir Salter Pyne in a time of crisis, prevented war between England and Afghanistan.

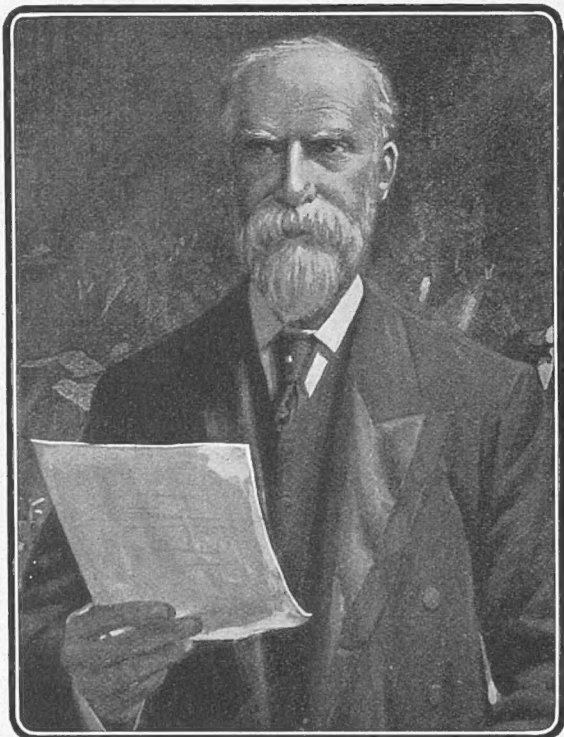
The New Ambassadors.

Mrs. Bryce, the new Ambassadors, will be specially welcomed by that section of American society which is serious, cultured, and without "smart" social ambitions. *Née* Miss Elizabeth Ashton, Mrs. Bryce comes of noted Liberal Manchester stock, while through her mother she claims kinship with several of the *Mayflower* families of New England. Like her distinguished husband, she has but little in common with the diplomatic world, and will prove refreshingly unconventional in the "high little world" of Washington. Even as a bride she proved a good speaker, and of late she has shown herself an excellent organiser. Mr. and Mrs. Bryce have been married some eighteen years.

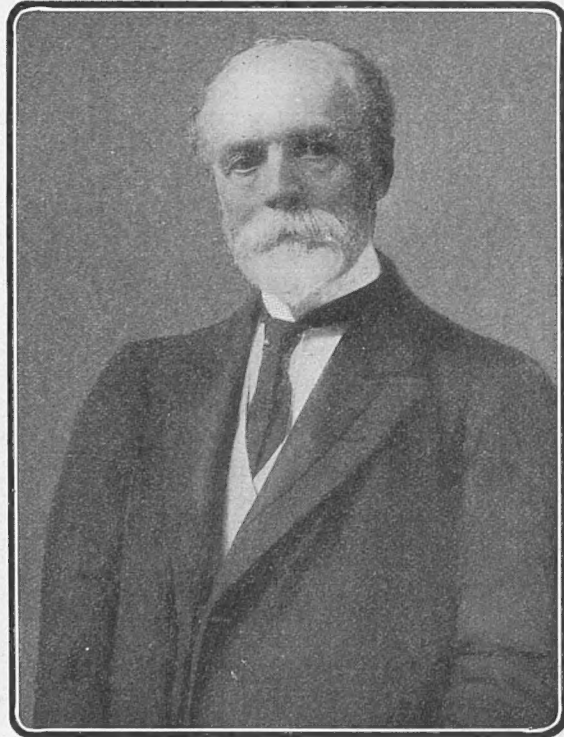
French Actress and the "Comédie."

Charming Marthe Brandes is one of the most talented of Parisian actresses. Two years ago she belonged to the *Comédie Française*, and was regarded as a most promising *pensionnaire*. But Marthe herself felt

that she was not making progress. And so she left, one fine morning—left without saying "*Bon jour*" to the Director. That is why the Courts told her, later on, that she had to pay damages. *Mademoiselle*, in the meantime, had thrown in her lot with Lucien Guitry, director-artist of the Renaissance. Yet even here she was not happy—sighing for the old house of Molière. So she is coming back, like a prodigal, with her escapade forgiven—that is what it looks like—and the "*Comédie*" will count her once more amongst its artistic household. Curiously



THE RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE, APPOINTED BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES.



HIS EXCELLENCY MR. WHITELAW REID, AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN.

THE TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE AMONG AMBASSADORS: GREAT BRITAIN IN AMERICA AND AMERICA IN GREAT BRITAIN.

In view of the two illustrations given, there is hardly need for us to point out the considerable facial likeness between Mr. James Bryce and Mr. Whitelaw Reid—hence our title, for which we offer due apologies.

enough, two who have already found fame—Sarah Bernhardt, the golden-voiced, and Coquelin, the inimitable comedian—both belonged to the national theatre, and both left without permission to seek their fortune elsewhere.

THE THEATRE ROYAL, CHATSWORTH.

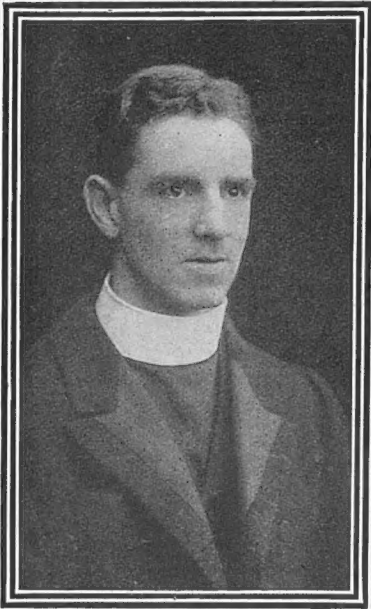
SOLE PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER, THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.



THE THEATRE AT THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S "PALACE OF THE PEAK."

The Duke of Devonshire's theatre at Chatsworth is, among all private theatres, the most honoured by Royalty. Seldom does a royal personage visit the Duke's fine mansion without an amateur performance being given, and no exception is made this year. During their present stay at Chatsworth their Majesties will witness amateur theatricals under the management of Mr. Leo Trevor.

Photograph by the Rotary Photo. Co. (See "Small Talk of the Week.")



THE REV. THE HON. FREDERICK COURTENAY AND MISS MARGUERITE SILVA, WHO ARE TO BE MARRIED NEXT WEEK.

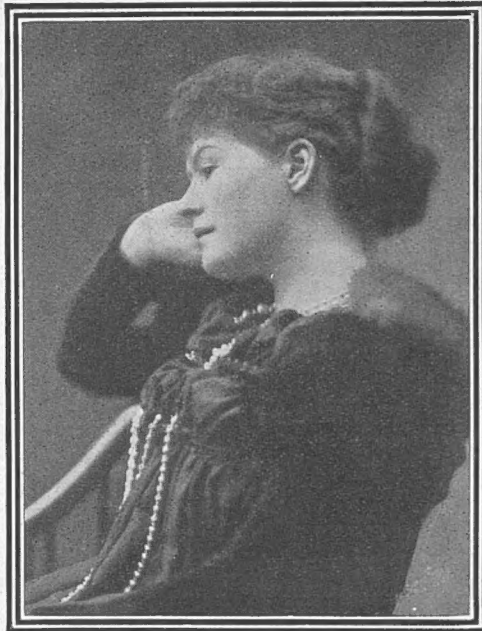
Photographs by Stéphanie Maud.

Next Week's Wedding.

The first of the year's important marriages will be that of Miss Marguerite Silva and the Rev. the Hon. Frederick Courtenay, who is a brother of Lord Devon. The number of clergymen connected with the Peerage is curiously small, and tends to become smaller. However, in this case next week's bridegroom only followed the family example, for the late Lord Devon was a clergyman, and for many years Rector of Powderham, the family living. Miss Silva is the eldest daughter of Mr. Edward Silva, of Itchen Abbas.

A Ducal Christmas Hostess.

The Duchess of Sutherland, who was hostess of a happy family gathering at Lilleshall, is certainly the most popular and energetic of younger wearers of the strawberry-leaves. She unites to a very exceptional degree the gifts of the leader of Society and the eager philanthropic enthusiast, and her young daughter, Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower, is associated in both these very different sides of her mother's strenuous life. Thus, just before Christmas the Duchess and Lady Rosemary were holding a sale at Stafford House on behalf of the Potteries Cripples Guild, and within a very short time the two will be enjoying the best hunting the three kingdoms can show. The Duchess is not only a fearless horsewoman, but she was one of the first people to realise the practical wisdom, as regards young children and growing girls, of riding astride, and Lady Rosemary was so taught, when still a tiny child, "to witch the world with noble horsemanship."



A DUCAL CHRISTMAS HOSTESS: THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

Photograph by Mendelssohn.

The Silent South.

No longer will the "Silent South" of which he has written be silent for Mr. George Washington Cable. He is to take unto himself a charming bride in Miss Eva Stevenson, the gifted President of the Woman's Club of Central Kentucky. Mr. Cable, who has been many years a widower, has a grown-up family, but himself, in spite of his two-and-sixty years, is among the youngest of men. He lives the simple life without unduly preaching it. His books sell tremendously, and he makes them the better known by his readings, which have brought him a welcome visitor, to England. One of his "simple life" plans is to do as much as possible of his journeyings afoot. Now fads beget fads, and as he walks he must needs find some novel method of beguiling the hours in the streets of the towns. Cabs are his specialty, but not for riding. His special joy is to memorise their numbers. It is his proud boast that no man has ever yet been able to point out to him a vehicle plying for hire whose number is lower than 3000. The average is on the 5000 line, though once he saw one which came near 18,000. His hobby is at least to be commended on the score of inexpensiveness.

The Paris Fair.

Once upon a time, Félix Faure walked therein, examining the wares exposed upon the little stalls, stopping to speak to a humble inventor of toys or to shake a *bonne femme* by the hand.

Presidents no longer patronise the booths (which stretch for two miles along the Boulevards), yet the fair has no lack of custom. It is the cheapest place on earth to purchase toys—toys of all sorts, but mostly mechanical. For two francs you can possess a little figure, cunningly devised in tin. It will dance a jig for you or it will take its hat off, solemnly, in the politest Parisian style. Inhabitants of the Gay City annually declare that they will not support the nuisance another year—to be sure, this Nijni Novgorod in mid-Boulevards is a sad impediment to traffic—but each Christmas the little boxes ope once more, with the air of saying: "Here we are again!"—the stock speech of the Christmas clown. It is amusing; it is lively; it does good to "little trade," even if "big trade" suffers. That is why it lasts, and will last, no doubt.

Other "Goose" Clubs.

Doubtless we shall know in due season how it happened that such unlimited power for wrongdoing was placed in the hands of erring officials of "goose clubs" and other Christmas institutions. But let it not be thought that only now has confiding human nature for the first time been deceived in such a way. There was a far larger "goose" club of which Parliament, in the eighteenth century, had perforce to take cognisance. It was called the Charitable Corporation, and was designed to raise money at low rates, and lend it at lower to the deserving poor. First £30,000 was subscribed, then £600,000. Members of Parliament, Privy Councillors, and other men of light and leading were of its godparents. Alas for philanthropic aims! When accounts came to be audited, over half a million sterling was missing. Men of rank and reputation were ruined; some were expelled from Parliament; others saw their estates confiscated. Many got away, but when the Pretender arrested fugitives in Rome and offered to deliver them to justice in England this was considered too much. The letter containing the offer was ordered to be publicly burnt!

Tube or Ferry?

The tunnel or not the tunnel? That is the question—or one of them—agitating public opinion on both sides of the Straits. The French, of course, do not require much conversion to the idea. The tunnel means more English and consequently more money; but our side of the case is not quite the same. There are the chances of a surprise—the enemy at one end and all the rest of it. Let us fall back on the traditional method of a compromise. A trans-Channel ferry possesses some of the advantages and none of the disadvantages of a tunnel. The train could come alongside a floating landing-stage and be transported bodily. We should get our peaches and our grapes, our eggs and our butter cheaper in consequence: no breaking bulk. Then there is the passenger side of it—no changing and removal of luggage. How does that appeal? The silver streak has to be got over somehow: better over than under, argue even those mariners of England and France to whom a cross-Channel passage is by no means an unmixed joy, even if it does its best to be remembered for ever. Twenty-one miles of tube, with no stops, is not exactly a holiday trip, is it? Imagine it, ye who find even a Tube journey of the mildest type just a little trying on occasion.



THE WEDDING OF A GREAT AMERICAN NOVELIST: MISS EVA STEVENSON AND MR. GEORGE WASHINGTON CABLE, WHO ARE ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED.

Photographs by the Gilliams Press Syndicate.

THE NATIONAL PANTOMIME: "SINDBAD," AT DRURY LANE.



1. MISS QUEENIE LEIGHTON AS HINDBAD.

4. MR. HARRY FRAGSON AS THE ENVOY TO THE EMPRESS, AND MR. WALTER PASSMORE AS SINDBAD.

3. MR. FRED. EMNEY AS EMPRESS OF ALL THE SAHARAS.

2. MISS FLORENCE WARDE AS ABDULLAH.

5. MISS MARIE GEORGE AS RUBY, AND MR. WALTER PASSMORE AS SINDBAD.

Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Bribes: The Rebuke Courteous.

Among the things which the bells have rung out with the old year is the gentle practice of tipping in commerce. So, at least, the law's position to-day declares. It will be for the Judges to interpret the new Act and show how many coaches can be driven through its various clauses. In dealing with the measure, Judges may remember, the day has been when, with the day-spring of the year, they, like lesser men, looked for a material blessing from those who came before them. All the Judges were wont to receive presents upon taking their seat on the Bench on New Year's Day. Gloves were the gifts most favoured; not because they better helped the administration of justice, but because they were convenient receptacles for donations more considerable. "It would be against good manners," wrote Sir Thomas More, "to forsake a gentlewoman's New Year's gift, and I accept the gloves; their lining you will be pleased to bestow elsewhere." The lining was a golden one, intended to buy the honest Judge's favour in an action which was to come before him.

The Death of a Nation.

Politically considered, the Old Year went out in a huff. But Lords and Commons, while neither has run away, live to fight again another day. It was different with another Parliament—the Irish Parliament, into whose coffin the last nail was driven upon the last day of a year which no student of history has forgotten. The motion for the dissolution of the Parliament was before the House, and the Speaker rose to put it to the vote. Visibly affected, he held up the Bill and looked round the House. "As many as are of opinion that this Bill do pas; say 'Aye,' the contrary 'No,'" he murmured. The answer was a hushed affirmative. And then, after a pause, with face averted from the Bill which he hated, he whispered, "The 'Ayes' have it." For an instant, we are told, the silence was almost deathlike. The Speaker, like a statue, then indignantly flung the Bill upon the table, and sank exhausted into his chair. So passed the Irish Parliament.

A Poser for the "Insane."

The "nu speling" has gone; Mr. Hearst is forgotten; Trust prosecutions wane in interest; the Thaw trial is to be the current sensation in America. Mr. Roosevelt says that some of the brightest brains in America are devoted day by day to enabling people to evade the law.

found herself after the conviction of her son. Great efforts were made to obtain a pardon on the plea of insanity. They besought her to back up the plan by writing a strong letter in support. "That is all very well," said the Countess, "but if I plead that he is insane, how am I to marry off my daughters?"



WHERE THE TAX-COLLECTOR HAS CEASED FROM TROUBLING: IMST, TYROL, OTHERWISE, PARADISE ON EARTH.

Municipal trading can, after all, occasionally prove a blessing. Imst runs a brick-works, and so successfully that its inhabitants are not only untaxed, but have just received £10 apiece as share of profits. Marchessi, in the Canton of Vaud, is also in much the same pleasant position. The village owns much land, many trees, cattle, pigs, and poultry, and it is claimed that a villager could fare sumptuously there on some £8 a year.

The answer is not recorded, but the gentleman died hanged, even though latter-day criticism denies him his halter of silk.

Madness in Moods.

The police will probably be keeping a careful eye upon the man who applied in Court the other day for an injunction against Mr. Chamberlain, "the Minister for Foreign Affairs." Possibly the illness of the statesman may have driven the applicant mad. All criminalists know that a man of weak mental balance is apt to go wrong upon a name or a topic. Gladstone's life was attempted by a madman, so was Wellington's; a man was murdered by a lunatic who mistook his victim for Peel. It was a maniac who, in time of excitement, killed President Lincoln. During the Dreyfus trial there were at one time five-and-twenty lunatics confined in one asylum, each of whom had been driven out of his wits by the case. While the South African War was in progress, a man with a revolver turned up at the British Embassy in Paris, crying, "Where is Chamberlain?"—until a padded cell received him.

A Lethal Joke.

A great surgeon has been telling the world a pathetic story of the effects of imagination upon persons suffering from cancer. No matter how extravagant or futile the remedy prove, the sufferers, given new hope, invariably show improvement for the time being. "It would be so," he says, "if only pure water were employed as a pretended serum." As everybody knows, this gift of imagination has its other side. A story, which Scott and Montaigne among others have told, seems to be true, and though very striking, is not more so than many others of undoubted truth. A jester played a trick upon his master, an Italian prince, procuring him a good ducking for an attack of ague. As a cure the treatment was a success, but the dignity of the patient was hurt. So he tried the audacious physician for treason, and sentenced him to death. The priest heard the man's last confession, and the victim was led to the block, where he knelt to receive the fatal blow. The executioner, instead of plying his axe, acted upon the Prince's instructions, and threw water upon the bared neck of the criminal. There the jest was to have ended, but the man, when picked up, was dead.



MEN WHO HAVE MONEY TO DESTROY: EXAMINING SOILED AND DAMAGED DOLLAR-NOTES BEFORE THEIR DESTRUCTION, IN THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT AT WASHINGTON.

Some of the brightest brains in America have a hard task in devising a defence for Mr. Thaw, who seems to favour a line which his counsel think untenable. Will the plea be insanity? He is not in favour of it. The position recalls that in which the mother of Earl Ferrers

VEAL-FAT IN PLACE OF MARBLE.

(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD" FOR THE WEEK.)



"THE TRIUMPH OF NEPTUNE"—A REMARKABLE SCULPTURE IN VEAL-FAT AND STEARIN.

Photograph by Branger.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")



"ALICE IN WONDERLAND"—THE DRURY LANE PANTOMIME—PANTOMIME AT TERRY'S—
"ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA."

THERE has been a curious absence this year of plays intended primarily, if not exclusively, for children. Two or three years ago there was a heavy boom in such things. Last year there came a lull, and now there is only a revival of the Saville Clark and Slaughter "Alice in Wonderland" to be mentioned by the side of "Peter Pan" (which, however, always stands in a category by itself). At the Prince of Wales's Mr. Stanley Brett now plays the Mad Hatter, and is a very good imitation of his brother, Mr. Seymour Hicks; while Miss Marie Studholme is a charming, though rather grown-up, Alice. Versions of Lewis Carroll are never quite the real thing, but this is the best of the many that have been attempted, and Mr. Hicks, always skilled at discovering clever children, has found a remarkable youthful singer in Miss Carmen Sylva, and a real dancer in Miss Phyllis Bedells, and the whole thing makes a very pleasant entertainment.

The pantomime at Drury Lane is, of course, as gorgeously spectacular as ever, though there are signs that the cry of the children for rather less ballet has been heard and respected. The humorists, of whom there are the usual large number, have rather more to do, and they do it with skill and discretion. The most valuable scene, from the comedian's point of view, is a picnic on the back of a whale, where Mr. Walter Passmore, Mr. Arthur Conquest (in Mr. Harry Randall's place), Mr. Harry Fragon (with piano and song), and Drew and Alders, two skilful "knockabout" humorists of the conventional type, find themselves in great form, but it is a little surprising that in a position so rich in possibilities as a motor-bus journey across the Sahara reliance should be placed exclusively upon the merely mechanical humours of a moving stage. On the whole, the most complete success was scored, at any rate on the first night, by the very entertaining Empress of the Sahara of Mr. Fred Emney.

On the spectacular side the great event is the shipwreck, which is surely the most wonderful shipwreck that ever happened on any stage. It is the first time a ship has ever appeared to be really tossing on the waves, and when the bows swung almost across the footlights the effect was great. As the story was Eastern, being, roughly speaking, on the subject of "Sindbad," the big scenes gave Mr. Collins and his artists and designers fine opportunities for the display of barbaric splendour, and "The Valley of Diamonds" climax is led up to by some colour-schemes of really remarkable beauty. Miss Queenie Leighton is, as usual, a very popular principal boy; and Miss Marie George, after two years' absence, returns to the cast as fresh and charming and as fascinating as ever.

At Terry's, Mr. W. H. C. Nation goes on his way undaunted, and by arrangement with him the theatre is given over to a "Red Riding-

Hood" pantomime which has some weaknesses, but may be called good, particularly from the comic point of view. Miss Lily Harold and Mr. Fred Storey are both popular favourites, Mr. Gus Oxley is a humorist of considerable merit, and good work of a rather antique kind is done by Messrs. Collins and Stanmore. Miss Nancy Freyne, the Good Fairy, has a fine presence and a winning voice; some of the dancing is quite excellent, and the whole thing is, for so small a theatre, very elaborately mounted.

It is difficult to dissent from the verdict of certain critics that "Antony and Cleopatra" is a very beautiful production, with hardly enough Shakspeare in it and no acting of extraordinary quality. To produce the play in the His Majesty's style such compression and sacrifices of text have been necessary that the chief characters suffer from them, and some quaint solecisms appear. Perhaps, without following Tolstoi, one may admit that too much reverence can easily be paid to the lengthy *décorsu* drama, and that the manager is almost entitled to regard it as the raw materials out of which he may manufacture a play. The play has not been very well manufactured. Little of it is exactly thrilling or even vividly exciting, but much is curious and picturesque; the spectacles are superb; and even if Shakspeare turns in his grave, and Mr. Sidney Lee is indignant, the public will want to see what the frivolous may call Mr. Tree's pantomime, and playgoers will be pleased with the entertainment. After all, it is certain that the majority will care little whether too much has been cut or not. "Antony and Cleopatra" is not a popular work, and I have discovered that no few of those who profess to love Shakspeare have little acquaintance with the ugly lust-story, and will hardly guess what a prodigious quantity has been thrown overboard.

The spectacular aspect has already been described *ad nauseam*, and nothing but pictures or the pen of Shakspeare can give an idea of its beauty and magnificence. As to the acting, some of us are rather shy. Miss Collier looked superb as Cleopatra, and acted very well; but the dramatist has drawn a character out of the range of any save an

actress of genius and peculiar temperament. Despite the beauty of the new Cleopatra, one does not believe that she could so enthral the Antony. Yet such a belief is vital to the play. We have only one actress capable of convincing us that Antony would have been bewitched by the baggage, and she is but a rare visitor to London. Mr. Tree's Antony will greatly improve when the cares of production are over; at present it is clever, interesting, and at times very effective, but not quite heroic. Mr. Lyn Harding's Enobarbus is excellent, Miss Alice Crawford was an effective Charmian, and valuable aid was rendered by Messrs. Norman Forbes, Fisher White, L'Estrange, Basil Gill, and H. C. Buckler.



MR. HARRY RANDALL AS HE DID NOT APPEAR ON THE FIRST NIGHT OF DRURY LANE PANTOMIME: THE POPULAR COMEDIAN AS MRS. SINDBAD.

Mr. Harry Randall, the popular comedian cast for Mrs. Sindbad in the Drury Lane pantomime, was taken ill shortly before the production, and was unable to appear on the first night. His place was taken, and taken exceedingly well, by Mr. Arthur Conquest, who had but two days in which to rehearse the rôle.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

A BAD START FOR THE YEAR!



"NURSE": Ah, yer silly! Nah you've bin an' gone an' lost all yer luck!

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

THEY TRACED HIS LITTLE FOOTSTEPS IN THE SNOW!



THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR.

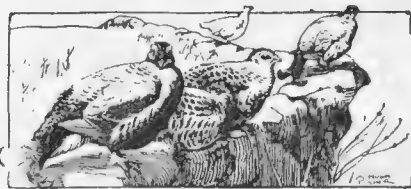
DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.

"TOUJOURS LA POLITESSE."



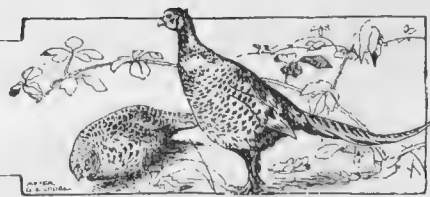
POLITENESS.

DRAWN BY B. KRONSTRAND.



WEEK-END PAPERS

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

*To Bird-Lovers.*

Now that the winter is at its worst, lovers of wild life who have a garden and windows commanding a view of it can get pleasure from very simple acts of kindness. Although there is no problem of the unemployed among birds and beasts, it is certain that in time of frost there is a very great expenditure of hard labour in return for small reward in the way of food. As soon as the cold weather seals the land the trouble begins, and many a bird whose song has delighted us in the earliest days of spring, and even on fine days in winter, starves for the lack of timely human assistance. The scattering of crumbs is the simplest and most obvious way of feeding the hungry, but cats must be kept out of the way, or they will take heavy toll of birds that are too feeble to be on their guard and too thin to supply them with anything like a satisfactory meal. When the earth is very hard indeed, ten minutes' exercise with the spade will not only put the blood in circulation, but will provide many industrious worm-eaters with the necessary food. A few pieces of suet suspended from the branch of a tree by a piece of string will attract beautiful titmice from all directions, and even in suburban gardens these engaging little birds will be found throughout the winter, adding considerably to the pleasure of the prospect.

Rare Visitors.

The gardens whose owners are fond of birds are never deserted in winter, and as soon as a fine, mild day comes the birds will sing as if summer had returned. Their faith in a fine day is quite remarkable; it makes optimists of one and all. Severe weather tames them to such an extent that when food is put down after frost, one may see comparatively shy and rare birds feeding happily and trustfully close to the house. There must be hundreds of people who can and would give a little assistance to helpless birds if they only thought about it, and they would find sufficient payment for the very little outlay of time and trouble in observing the happiness and content of their pensioners. It is not pleasant to find some favourite singer lying starved to death on the garden-path. Of course, one cannot expect very rare visitors round London, but in the neighbourhood of the big London parks and in Epping Forest there are many shy birds whose presence is hardly suspected. These are most likely to arrive at friendly gardens in the early morning, and to retire before the light is very strong; but the difference between a garden that is devoted to birds and one where nothing is done for them is very easily recognised. The robin is, perhaps, one of the least nervous and most melodious of our winter visitors. His song in October, and even in the early days of November, when other birds are silent, is something to be grateful for, and his confidence in humanity is a rare and beautiful thing that one would not care to see abused. We owe a heavy debt, too, to the larks that rise above the mists cumbering our winter fields and sing so happily to the sun we cannot see. A glance at poulterers' windows will show how that debt is discharged.

Self-Preservation in Bird-Land.

Some birds guard themselves as far as they can against the approach of winter by methods that are more associated with self-preservation than with affection. There is no doubt that the kingfisher hunts his family from the stretch of stream in which they have been reared, and sends them off to fare where they will and as best they can. I believe that the head of the family allows his mate to work along the home waters, but he will fight his own children, or any newcomer arriving when the summer has ended, probably because he knows that when the waters are thick and swollen he will stand very little chance of supplying his own needs. Then, too, he has his larder to consider. He brings to it all fish that is not needed for immediate consumption, and will store food until it is putrid. Strangers, or even his own hungry children, might raid this choice preserve. Far worse even than the muddy stream is the frozen water, for as soon as a little ice has sealed the pools in which the kingfisher works, he may see his food just

below him, but out of his reach, and even kill himself in a vain endeavour to penetrate the unyielding ice. I have found a kingfisher lying dead on a frozen stream, his body without a particle of flesh on it, his bright colours faded almost past recognition.

Frozen Food.

Similar to the kingfisher's case is that of many birds that feed on roots. They are unable to pierce the hard rind, and until a rabbit or hare has bitten through it, they cannot secure a meal. The green woodpecker suffers badly from the coming of winter, and his cry as he goes from one tree to another in search of the insects that are no

longer to be found under the bark tells its troubled story unmistakably. Curiously enough, the woodpecker has friends among the green plover. I have seen him feeding among them, and it is not difficult to find him when so engaged in marsh-land, for if anything should occur to alarm the plover, they will fly out to the saltings, while he takes his characteristic flight back to the wood, leaving his companions until the danger has passed and they have regained their confidence. Probably he feels safer among the bare trees, and only joins his strange companions on meadows sloping towards the water. When spring stirs the sap in the trees, the green woodpecker has no more use for the saltings; he does not even care to watch the love-flights of his old friends who are now so busy on the meadows hatching their nestless eggs.

The Death-Roll.

The severe weather is a death-signal to old and feeble birds, as well as to young ones that have not yet acquired their full strength. They cannot prolong the struggle, they cannot even assert themselves when food is found, although the conditions of their life must be aided considerably by the autumn migration of birds that leave our land for warmer climes, and seem to be unaffected by the arrival of autumn migrants from over sea.



"THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA": A REMARKABLE CLOUD OF SPRAY PHOTOGRAPHED AT SANTA CRUZ.

Our readers will have little difficulty in noting the semblance to a human face and head in the cloud of spray of which we give a photograph—a photograph, by the way, that has not been touched by hand. Santa Cruz is famous for its clouds of spray, the result of a continual warfare between rock and sea.

Copyright Photograph by C. L. Aydelotte, Santa Cruz.

"ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA."



WITH APOLOGIES TO MR. BUCHEL'S POSTER, AND TO MR. TREE.

Setting by "The Sketch"; Photograph of Mr. Tree by the Dover Street Studios.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE subject of the literary aspirant is one of never-dying interest. There are many "who desire to adopt some branch of literature as a profession or a hobby." Those who wish to go in for the profession are not confronted by any demand for degrees and certificates such as they would have to meet in other walks. Those who would willingly supplement their incomes by journalism embrace, perhaps, the adult population in these islands. So when Mr. MacEwan puts out his magazine, the *Amateur Journalist and Literary Aspirant*, he is tolerably sure of readers. The contents of the January number are bright and varied. Tom Gallon relates his experiences with his first editor. He was engaged to write seven pages for seven guineas. There were four drawings which he had to work into the story. He managed, somehow, though his fingers were cramped, and his eyes ached, and his head was swimming. The paper in which the story appeared was too good to live, but the editor still lives, and is Mr. Gallon's very good friend.

Mr. Catling has taken leave of his irresponsible work amid universal feelings of respect and regret. Equally distinguished for ability and for kindness of heart, he has maintained a high position for very many years. Mr. Catling's advice to young journalists is that in a paragraph the opening, middle, and conclusion should be as carefully defined as in a long and weighty leading article.

Mr. Stead, who is always willing to give advice, and often advises wisely, inculcates on young beginners in journalism the necessity of learning to compose and write short paragraphs on topical subjects. Every paper that he reads will supply a valuable object-lesson, for he will find in each a kind of silent professional address on the art of paragraph-writing which it will well repay him to study patiently and minutely. As for the question of remuneration, Mr. Stead says that it was fully two years before he got a single farthing in return for anything he wrote. Then the proprietor of a paper to which he had been a frequent contributor gave him its editorship. Everyone knows that in journalism, as in other professions, there are always numbers at the bottom of the ladder; but it is not everyone—certainly it is not every young journalist—who realises that it is possible for each to get to the top. Old journalists reading Mr. MacEwan's publication will feel a breath of morning blowing about them in recalling the past.

The spelling reformers in America maintain that they have not failed in that they have so far met with considerable encouragement. School teachers and college professors, practical business men and scientific men, are adopting their recommendations gladly. Ten thousand signatures have been secured to the pledge to use the list of the three hundred simpler forms, in addition to which there must be

thousands of converts who have not communicated with the Board. Among the literary men who are in their favour are Mr. Howells, Mr. Gilder, Mr. Cable, and Mark Twain. Possibly those against the new spelling outnumber those who are for it. This, says Mr. Brander Matthews, is very natural. Poets and novelists deal with romance; they are likely to be devoted to the past because the past seems to them romantic. They dislike change even when it is an obvious improvement. Thus they are often reactionary, and prefer the past to the present, while dreading the future. In spite of this it does not seem that the new spelling is making any real progress.

I do not think that many people in this country are guilty of reading Blue-books at Christmas time, but there was a day when

sombreness was by no means uncommon. It was difficult to get through certain books without putting a cheerful courage on. An ingenious writer says there are some businesses that ought to be united. It is dangerous to allow the dramatist or novelist to furnish us with a philosophy of life. The chances are that, instead of impartially fulfilling the duties of a common carrier, he will foist upon us his own goods and compel us to draw conclusions from the samples of human nature he has in stock. "I should not be willing to accept a philosophy of life even from so accomplished a person as Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, not because I doubt his cleverness in presenting what he sees, but because I have a suspicion that there are some very important things which he does not see. It is really much more

L'ENTENTE CORDIALE.



"A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

[DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.]

satisfactory for each one to gather his life-philosophy from his own experience rather than from what he reads out of a book or from what he sees on the stage. The harvest of a quiet eye is, after all, more satisfying than the occasional discoveries of the unquiet eye that seeks only the brilliantly novel."

Mr. James Milne, the well-known literary journalist, contributes a good paper to *Chambers' Journal* on "The Novel To-Day." Mr. Milne gives a sound account of the situation. "On the one hand, we have a prosperous world, working harder and harder every year, and on that account driven to seek in its reading something of a 'rest cure.' It was Mrs. Cecil Thurston who first used that expression in explanation of the great vogue of light fiction, and it was happy and just. Then, on the other hand, we have the mass of new readers which the Board Schools have been turning out—readers whose literary tastes thus far centre in fiction, with a preference for the sensational kind, and in cheap reprints of books which have become classics." I agree with Mr. Milne, that if one can estimate the signs, the demand for books promises to be greater and greater as the years go on.

O. O.

THE CADDIE'S CADENZA.



LADY GOLFER (to Would-be Caddy): But what do you know about the game? Can you make a tee, for instance?

THE WOULD-BE CADDIE: Can I make — Why, in my young days, lidy, I used ter do it that well they called me the tea-caddy.

[N.B.—An engagement did not follow.

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERGE.

ZENA DARE WRITES OUR NOVEL THIS WEEK.

A STRANGE BEQUEST.

BY ZENA DARE.

IT was New Year's Eve. The last day of the Old Year was nearing its close, and the shadows of evening crept softly up the Glen, wrapping its wooded heights in a drowsy stillness. The murmur of the river below and the crooning of the wood-pigeons were the only sounds which broke the peaceful silence.

On a rocky crag overhanging the winding Glen Road stood a solitary cottage, the door of which stood open. A murmur of voices came from within, and presently a ripple of girlish laughter. "Oh, Nanny, what a vain old lady you are!" cried a merry voice. "Well, well, I must humour you and fetch your silk gown!"

Old Nanny's visitor, a bright-faced young lady of some twenty summers, jumped up from her seat at the fireside, and reached down the faded silk gown from the nail upon which it hung, behind the door.

"There!" she cried laughingly, throwing the dress across the old woman's knee. "You are content now, Nanny?"

Old Nanny smoothed the rusty folds of the silk with a tender hand.

"It's my best possession in this world now, Miss Eilean," said the old Scotchwoman apologetically, looking up wistfully into the girl's bright face.

"It was my lad that sent it to me, nigh on fifty year ago now. We was to hae been married, ye ken, Missie. Donald was away in Ameriky, and doin' fine. 'The first siller as ever I earn, Nanny,' was his promise to me, when he went over the sea, 'shall buy you a silken goon.'" A mist dimmed the hard old eyes, as Nanny added quietly, "And the goon came, with a letter frae the freend he lived wi' to say that my Donald was dead—killed in a moment, Miss Eilean, by the falling of a tree."

"Poor soul," said Eilean softly, and silence fell in the tiny room, broken presently by the sound of approaching footsteps. Eilean looked up quickly, a pretty blush tingeing her cheek as she recognised the tall, handsome man who bent his head to enter the low doorway.

"It's the doctor!" cried Nanny, as the young man stepped briskly into the room, shaking hands with Eilean Travers, and then greeting his patient with a cheery smile.

"I thought I would look in as I happened to be passing through the Glen," he said. "I am glad to see you are sitting up, Nanny. Why, Miss Travers, you are not going yet?"

"I had no idea it was so late," exclaimed Eilean, who had jumped up hurriedly, after consulting the tiny watch in her wristband; "I must go back at once. The children will be waiting for me; it is their bed-time almost. Good-bye, Nanny, I will come again very soon." With a bright smile and nod she slipped through the open door, and was soon walking quickly towards Brackendale.

Eilean had not long left the Glen and begun her walk across the moor, when the jangle of a bicycle-bell behind her made her look round, and recognising Dr. Macallum in the cyclist, she stood and waited till he overtook her. Eilean Travers and Kenneth Macallum were old friends. The young doctor had just finished his medical course at Edinburgh, and it was while studying there that he had made the acquaintance of Eilean Travers, at the house of a mutual friend. Eilean's home was in the south of England, but she had spent the last two years in Edinburgh, where she held the post of governess to the two spoiled children of the Hon. Mrs. McCourtenay.

The establishment in Moray Place had been transferred temporarily to Brackendale, a lovely shooting-estate in the West Highlands. Here Eilean had again encountered Kenneth Macallum, who was also staying in the neighbourhood with a friend, who owned a shooting-lodge not far from Brackendale.

"Do look at the mountains—are they not wonderful?" exclaimed Eilean, as the young Doctor sprang from his bicycle, and began to walk slowly beside her across the moor.

"Beautiful indeed," answered Macallum, but so abstractedly that Eilean said at once—

"Something is worrying you to-night, Kenneth. May I not know what it is?"

"Yes," answered the young man with a quick sigh, "I am worried about something." Then, with a gesture of impatience, he suddenly burst out, "Oh, it's such beastly hard luck on a fellow not to have money! If I had a few of the hundreds that many a young fool chucks away in a single night over a game of cards, what it would mean to me!"

His vehemence took Eilean by surprise, but she said nothing, only looked at her friend with troubled eyes.

"It's like this, Eilean," said Kenneth Macallum moodily, "you know I'm 'pledged' now, and ready to practise. I've had an offer from a doctor, an old friend of my father's, who has one of the best practices in Yorkshire, to become his partner. Dr. Thorne is getting

old, and will soon retire. He offers me the partnership for £500—a partnership that in a few years will be worth a thousand a year to me. I've got to refuse it because I can't find the money," concluded the young man bitterly. "I might borrow the money certainly, but—well, I have reasons for not wishing to do that. He sighed and looked sadly away.

"I'm so sorry," said Eilean sympathetically. "It's very hard for you, Kenneth. But don't despair; some other way will be found for you. You will get on, I am quite sure of it."

Kenneth shook his head.

"A chance like that does not come twice in a man's lifetime," he said gloomily. "I shall have to take a beggarly assistantship, I suppose, eighty pounds a year—*indoor*." He laughed bitterly, and then his mood changed, and he turned to Eilean, and caught her hands in his.

"Eilean," he whispered imploringly, "don't you understand, dear, why this is so hard for me? It is because I love you, and want you for my wife, that I am so anxious to rise in my profession. No, don't start, dear; you have known—you must have known—for ever so long, all that you were to me. It can be no surprise to you to hear me say so now. But there," said the young man, with a sigh, releasing the girl's hands, and pulling himself together briskly, "I ought not to have spoken like that—I must not dream of marrying until I have made my way, and that may be—any time. Forgive me, Eilean, I ought not to have distressed you by talking like a madman."

"I am glad you told me, all the same," said Eilean simply, "and, Kenneth, I know it—I *feel* it—you *will* succeed."

"God bless you, dear, for your sweet sympathy," said Macallum earnestly, and raising the girl's soft hands to his lips, he kissed them reverently.

II.

A dour, hard-natured, unlovable woman was old Nanny Ross. For forty years or more she had lived all alone in the tumble-down cottage in the Glen, holding herself aloof from everyone. Before old age and infirmity came upon her, she gained a living by undertaking washing for the visitors who stayed at Brackendale and the few shooting-lodges round about, and in her younger days had sometimes been employed as servant during the shooting-season. Now, with sickness and old age upon her, the old woman's plight was a sad one.

Eilean Travers had come by chance upon the cottage during one of her rambles with her little charges. At first, old Nanny's reception of her had not been cordial, but pity for the old woman's lonely state led Eilean to repeat her visits, and in time her coming was looked for with pleasure. It was at Eilean's request that Dr. Macallum had visited the old woman, and in her grudging way old Nanny was grateful for his kindness.

Eilean's home duties prevented her from going to see her protégée for several days after that cold winter's evening when she and Kenneth Macallum had met in the cottage and she had learned his feelings towards her. When at last Eilean was able to snatch a free hour from her exacting little pupils, and hastened to pay old Nanny a hurried call, she noticed a great change in the feeble old body. She could only speak with difficulty, and seemed restless and ill at ease.

When Eilean bent over the pillow to bid her good-bye, old Nanny put out a shaking hand. "Dinna leave me," she said huskily.

"I fear I must, Nanny," the girl said kindly. "My time is not my own, you see. But what troubles you?"

"I'm feared," muttered the old woman, shivering. "I'm goin' verra sune now, Miss Eilean." She shuddered, and the girl bent down and laid her soft hand on the wrinkled brow.

"What do you fear, dear Nanny?" she asked.

"The cauld grip, Missie, the grip o' the King o' Terrors—he's no far frae me now."

"The King of Love, Nanny, not the King of Terrors—who comes with healing in His wings, and rest for the weary," said Eilean softly. The stiff fingers relaxed their hold on her arm, and Nanny sank back wearily.

"I've no been a guid servant to Him, Miss Eilean."

"He will pardon our sins, Nanny"; and going to the door, Eilean opened it.

"See," said Eilean, pointing to the distant hills, behind which the sun was sinking in banks of gold and crimson cloud. "Yonder are the steps of His palace, and the gates of His temple."

"Aye, aye," murmured old Nanny dreamily; then, as Eilean pressed the cold hand kindly and bid her good-bye, she said wistfully, "Ye'll come again, Missie, before the King comes, and no leave me to gang into His presence wi'out askin' a blessin' for me?"

[Continued overleaf.]

FIRESIDE PUZZLES, BY "SPHINX."



II.—THE ARTILLERYMEN'S DILEMMA.

"All cannon-balls are to be piled in square pyramids," was the order issued to the regiment. This was done. Then came the further order, "All pyramids are to contain a square number of balls." Whereupon trouble arose. "It can't be done," said the Major. "Look at this pyramid, for example; there are sixteen balls at the base, then nine, then four, then one at the top, making thirty balls in all. But there must be six more balls, or five fewer, to make a square number." "It *must* be done!" insisted the General. "All you have to do is to put the right number of balls in your pyramid." "I've got it!" said a Lieutenant, the mathematical genius of the regiment. "Lay the balls out singly!" "Bosh!" said the General. "You can't *pile* one ball into a pyramid!" Is it really possible to obey both orders?—HENRY E. DUDENEY.

(For Solution see "Mere Man" page.)

"Yes, Nanny, yes," promised Eilean soothingly; "I will come—I promise."

Dinner was over at Brackendale, and in the big drawing-room, Eilean Travers, seated at the piano, was playing dance-music, while Mrs. McCourtenay's guests enjoyed an impromptu dance. Listlessly playing through the wearying refrain of a popular waltz-tune, Eilean heard her name spoken, and, raising her eyes from the music, saw one of the gentleman visitors standing at her elbow.

"Excuse me, Miss Travers," he said courteously, during a pause in the dancing. "a gentleman is in the gun-room, and desires to see you on urgent business." Then, seeing the girl's perplexed face and guessing her difficulty, he added kindly, "Allow me to take your place at the piano. I don't dance, but I believe I am considered rather a good hand at playing dance-music."

"Oh, thank you, thank you," said Eilean gratefully, and as her kind friend seated himself in her place and began to play a lively polka, she slipped from the room, unobserved. In the gun-room she found Kenneth Macallum, who had brought her an urgent message from the cottage in the Glen.

Old Nanny Ross was dying, and begged Miss Eilean to remember her promise.

"Poor soul, poor old Nanny!" said Eilean regretfully. "Of course I must go to her—I promised her I would see her again. Wait one moment, Kenneth, while I ask permission from Mrs. McCourtenay, and I will return with you at once."

Eilean hastened to find Mrs. McCourtenay, and preferred her request. To her surprise and dismay it met with a curt refusal.

"Go to the Glen at *this* time of night to humour the whim of a crotchety, crazy old woman!" exclaimed Mrs. McCourtenay in tones of cold displeasure. "What a preposterous idea! My dear Miss Travers, you must be *quite* mad."

"You refuse your permission?" said Eilean, her eyes darkening defiantly. "Then I am sorry to displease you, Mrs. McCourtenay, but I must go without it. I made a promise to a dying woman, and I must keep it."

The Hon. Mrs. McCourtenay looked her governess up and down with haughty displeasure, then she swept back into the drawing-room, saying coldly, "I decline to discuss this matter any further." I have expressed my wishes, Miss Travers, and if you choose to disregard them, and accompany Dr. Macallum *alone*, and at this hour, to the Glen, you must consider your engagement with me at an end." The door closed sharply behind her, and Eilean remained standing in the dim-lit corridor, petrified and dismayed.

"What shall I do, oh, what can I do?" she said to herself, with tears in her eyes. Keep her promise, and bear the consequences? The cold wrath of Mrs. McCourtenay, the certain dismissal next day, and consequent loss of sixty pounds a year? The girl's heart quailed at the prospect. It might be a long time before she got another situation. Break her promise? The vision rose before her of the lonely old woman with the chill hand of Death upon her—the forsaken soul going forth in trembling to meet its Maker—no human being near to soothe that last dread hour and speed the parting soul with the blessing so earnestly desired. Eilean's choice was made.

She returned to the gun-room, providing herself with a hat and cloak from the hall-press as she passed.

"I am coming with you, Kenneth," she said, as she joined her lover, and together they stepped through the door leading from the gun-room to the garden. A side-path through the shrubbery led to the little gate which opened on to the moor road. A streak of light across the path showed the doctor's bicycle leaning against a tree.

"Eilean," said Macallum gently, "the road to the Glen is downhill all the way, and on my bicycle I can ride the distance in twenty minutes, but walking it will take us an hour at least. Old Nanny was very near the end when I left her; I almost doubt whether she could last so long. If, dear, you *dared*, and would mount behind me—" He broke off, and looked at her anxiously, well knowing the risk he was asking her to take.

Eilean faced him bravely in the dim light. "I am not afraid," she said quietly.

"I am a steady rider, and if you have nerve and can hold firmly to me, I do not think there is much danger," said Macallum, as he wheeled his bicycle into position. "But, dear, do not risk it unless you are quite sure of yourself. If anything happened to you, I should never forgive myself."

But Eilean only smiled, and in the darkness he could not see how her face paled and her lips tightened as she listened to his hurried directions.

"Place your foot on the step when I spring into my seat, put both hands on my shoulders, and hold on, for heaven's sake."

Soon the bicycle with its double burden was whirling swiftly down the steep mountain path. The lamp's reflection showed up the winding descent, and at each sharp curve the machine swayed perilously. With teeth set, and every nerve and muscle firmly controlled, Macallum rode on, bearing that precious life in his hands, and not daring to let himself think of the danger. A stone in the way, a loosened nut, a mistaken turn, and both would be hurled to certain destruction.

Sensible as her lover to the risk they ran, and with the knowledge that a slip would bring them face to face with death, Eilean kept her firm hold unflinching, but with wide eyes staring terrified into the black darkness before her. Never to the end of her life did she forget that wild ride through the silent night, with the wind straining

past her ears, nothing solid beneath her feet, her only support the step upon which one foot rested.

To Kenneth Macallum the experience was one he could never recall without a shudder. A muttered "Thank God" burst from him as the last turn was safely passed at length, and the crag upon which the cottage stood came in sight. At the foot of the crag the doctor dismounted, and putting his arm tenderly about the girl at his side, said thankfully, "Thank God, that is over, my brave little lass!"

Eilean pressed his arm gently, and then they climbed the steep path and entered the little cottage. By the light of the feeble lamp on the mantelshelf Eilean could see old Nanny's sunken eyes lighten as she came and stood beside the bed.

"Ye—hae—kep' your promise," said the trembling old voice. "Ye're in—time—yet, Missie."

Eilean took the withered hand in hers, speaking soothing words of courage. The old woman seemed to gain sudden strength, and raised herself on her pillow, speaking quite clearly—

"Ye hae been verra guid to an auld body, and"—nodding weakly towards Macallum—"him, too; you'll get your reward—aye, aye, that shall ye."

"I want no reward, Nanny," said Eilean gently, "only to know that you are happier for my coming."

The old woman signed to her to be silent awhile. "I must speak," she said with an effort, "for my strength is wearing fast, and I've something to say afore I die. It's my silken goon, Missie," the old woman went on eagerly, "I was meanin' to be buried in it, but now my mind is no the same, Missie!" She gripped Eilean's hand, and spoke in a whisper, "It's a white shroud I would hae—white as the first snow, to hide the blackness of the soul beneath, and then mebbe they'll let me in at the Temple gate." Old Nanny fell back exhausted with the effort her words had cost her, and the Doctor stepped forward and moistened her dry lips. A few deep breaths, and then the faltering voice continued—"An' my silken goon is for Miss Eilean—I leave it to her, and *all—that—is—there—below* the hem. Mind that—my dear—it's all there, the savin's o' fifty year, and rightly come by. I made muckle siller in my young days, by serving the gentry. It's yours, Missie, *all to—be—yours—*" The faint whisper died away, and Eilean flung herself on her knees beside the bed, crying "Oh, Nanny, Nanny!"

While the dying woman was speaking, Dr. Macallum had been hurriedly scribbling down the words of this strange bequest upon a leaf torn from his pocket-book. As the weak voice ceased, he bent down and slipped his arm beneath old Nanny's shoulder, and thus supporting her, he put the pencil between the stiffening fingers.

"Write your name here, Nanny—just here," he whispered. "Try if you can manage it—for Miss Eilean's sake."

Faintly, but legibly, the old woman traced her name, with the help of the strong hand which steadied her trembling wrist, and then the pencil slipped from the feeble fingers. Old Nanny's head fell back, the weary eyes closed, a sigh of content passed the pale lips as the shriven soul took flight, to be received with joy and thanksgiving into the temple of the King of Love.

Day was breaking over the Glen when, after reverently covering the dead face, Kenneth Macallum followed Eilean into the tiny parlour beyond the kitchen. Eilean stood at the open window, looking out at the brightening sky, which showed streaks of pink and green above the dark tops of the pines. She looked up quickly as her lover entered, and saw that he carried in his arms the worn silk gown of which Nanny had been so proud.

"Come, dear," he said, as he placed the dress upon the table, and drew a pair of surgical scissors from his pocket, "let us examine old Nanny's strange legacy." With a few deft cuts, Dr. Macallum slit up the hem of the skirt, then started back with an exclamation of surprise. Concealed between the silk and the lining of the hem was a bank-note for five pounds! Eilean drew near, and breathlessly the lovers continued the search. By the time the hem was entirely unripped a pile of notes lay upon the table beside them, amounting in value to one thousand pounds.

"Oh, Kenneth, Kenneth," cried Eilean, scarcely knowing whether to laugh or to cry. "All this money for me! Poor, poor old Nanny, and she so often in want!"

"She was a miser, poor soul," said Macallum thoughtfully, "and she evidently meant to carry her treasure with her out of this world, if not into the next."

"Your partnership, dear," cried Eilean, the glad tears shining in her grey eyes. "Now, *now* you can take it. Oh, Kenneth, I said a way would be found."

"Yes, sweetheart," said Kenneth Macallum soberly; "a way has been found, as you said."

Then, slipping his arm around her, and drawing her lips to his, he added, "I can take the partnership, and I will—provided I may take with it—my wife."

"Hush, dear," whispered Eilean softly, "we must not discuss our happiness now."

She turned away, and with great tears brimming down her pale cheeks she gazed reverently at poor old tired Nanny, as she lay there stiff and cold. But a great change had come over the old woman's countenance. It was no longer hard, wizened, and world-weary. A peaceful, contented smile lit up the old face, making it appear that of a woman thirty years younger.

Someone must have told Nanny, as she made the long journey from which none return, that she had not saved in vain.

THE END.

THE TERROR OF THE NIGHT.



THE HORROR OF LONELY HOUSEHOLDERS: A MASKED BURGLAR PHOTOGRAPHED IN BUSINESS RIG. "Vinasse," otherwise Goulot, whose photograph in business kit is here given, was recently arrested at Pantin. His mask was especially necessary to him, for he has a prominent birthmark on his face.

CRIMINALS' WARNINGS OF DANGER:

THE SIGNS OF THEIR "FREEMASONRY."



PULLING THE LOBE OF THE EAR—
"HOLD YOUR TONGUE."



SKETCHING THE HEAD OF A BULL-DOG ON A NEWSPAPER—
"LOOK OUT; HE CARRIES A REVOLVER."



THE THIRD FINGER DOUBLED UP—
"KEEP YOUR EYE ON HIM."



THE THIEF IS READING IN A PUBLIC-HOUSE, WHEN A CON-
FEDERATE ENTERS, AND PUSHES HIS WAY TO THE BAR
BETWEEN TWO PEOPLE—"HOOK IT, POLICE AFTER YOU,"



LITTLE FINGER DOUBLED UP—
"FOLLOW MAN JUST GONE OUT."



THE FIRST FINGER OF THE RIGHT HAND AGAINST THE CHEEK—
"ALL'S UP."



TWISTING THE MOUSTACHE—"I WANT TO SPEAK
TO YOU PRIVATELY."



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MR. CYRIL HARCOURT, the author of "The Reformer," the longer of the two plays which are to be produced at the Court Theatre on next Tuesday afternoon, is another of the actors who write for the stage. At the present time he is on tour, acting the part created by Mr. Herbert Waring in "His House in Order." He is a standing contradiction of the frequently stated "fact" that experience cannot be had by the present generation of actors. In ten years he has played every "line of business" from Demon King to Chambermaid, and, still contrary to the generally stated fact, he has existed on the proceeds. Though the environment has been provincial, the opportunities, as he says, are still there if the man chooses to take them. At one time he was a member of Miss Sarah Thorne's company at Margate, where he played two parts a night for one pound a week. He has been in South Africa as chief baritone in one of the Gaiety companies, and on returning home went into pantomime. In the provinces, where, he always says, "the good actors come from," Mr. Harcourt has played the parts created by such different actors as Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Charles Hawtrey, and Mr. Hayden Coffin, and he has toured several companies on his own account. He first thought of writing plays rather more than five years ago, and "The Axis" was the first result; "The Reformer" the second. There are others waiting the moment and the manager.

Seeing that Mr. Arthur Williams belongs to what is sometimes called the Old Guard—the men who have been through the theatrical mill and have played all the parts in all forms of drama—his admirers will be surprised to learn that in the harlequinade at the Vaudeville he has made his debut as Clown, for he has never played the part before. His first, possibly his only appearance in the harlequinade of a pantomime was made some forty years ago as Pantaloon, which he acted about half-a-dozen times at the Theatre Royal, Norwich, with the late Harry Cox as Harlequin and Stilt as Clown. On one of these occasions he came within an ace of an accident that might have been attended with serious consequences. In one scene they had, all three, to take a flying leap through a window. The Clown and Harlequin went through; but there was no one to catch them, as there ought to have been, and they fell on the stage. Mr. Williams had to follow the Clown in the leap, but was just warned in time by Cox and did not jump. Fortunately, the other two were expert pantomimists and knew how to fall, so they were not much hurt, but they were badly shaken.

Many people are under the impression that when, on Saturday evening, the Adelphi substitutes "The Bondman" for "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Mr. Hall Caine will become a theatrical manager.

This is an error, for the manager of the theatre will still be Mr. Otho Stuart. Mr. Hall Caine's share is an extremely limited one, and does not concern itself with the running of the theatre.

The company remains practically the same as it was at Drury Lane, except that Miss Lily Hall Caine will, if she be well enough, succeed Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and Mr. Walter Hampden takes the place of Mr. Henry Ainley, who has, in his turn, succeeded Mr. Gerald Du Maurier as Raffles. Mr. Hampden thus once again becomes the leading juvenile of the Adelphi, the place, it will be remembered, he held in "The Prayer of the Sword." His position on the London stage is particularly interesting at present, for he is an American by birth, and was educated at the Brooklyn Polytechnic and at Harvard before he came to Europe in order to continue his studies in Paris. He undoubtedly inherited his bias towards the theatre from his grandfather, a Judge, who was so fine an amateur reciter that he attracted Macready's attention and received an offer from him to go on the stage on one of his American tours. Mr. Hampden's first visit to the theatre was made when he was twelve, when he ran away from school to see "Twelfth Night," and at school he played Shylock, in old comedy, and in musical extravaganza.

When he came to England, just over five years ago, his American accent was so strong that it prevented him from getting speaking parts in Mr. F. R. Benson's company, and he had to content himself with walking on. He soon overcame this difficulty, however, and he is undoubtedly one of the very few American actors who has conquered his accent.

Mr. R. A. Roberts, who has made so striking a success in his new sketch, "Ringing the Changes," at the Palace, in which he plays eight distinct characters, has just had an interesting experience, which at the same time proves and disproves the familiar proverb that listeners never hear any good of themselves. Among the characters in the sketch is an Italian chef dressed after a well-known poster. This is the one character who practically acts in dumb show with the exception of a few words of imitation or "spoof." Italian muttered during the fixing of a wax figure representing another character. While lunching at a restaurant a few

days ago Mr. Roberts heard two gentlemen discussing "that fellow Roberts." One of them had seen him the previous evening, and was telling his friend about the entertainment. "I have seen him, too," said the other, "in 'Mrs. Twiddles' and 'Dick Turpin'—eleven characters. How many does he do in this new thing?" "Oh, eight," replied the first speaker; "seven good and one rotten."

"Which one is the rotter?" asked the second.

"Oh," replied the first, "he plays an Italian beggar, and I couldn't understand a blessed word he said."



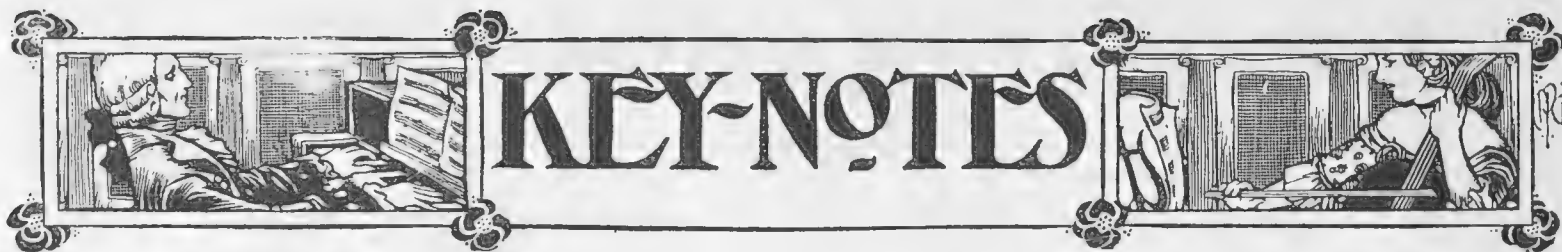
1. MISS MILLICENT PYNE, FORMERLY OF MR. D'OYLY CARTE'S PRINCIPAL TOURING COMPANY, AND OF OTHER TOURING COMPANIES.

2. MISS MAUDE SINCLAIR, A FORMER FIFTY IN "A CHINESE HONEYMOON."

3. MISS MABEL SINCLAIR, A FORMER BABE IN "THE BABES IN THE WOOD."

THREE ACTRESSES WHO HAVE TURNED MILLINERS.

It seems to be the fashion nowadays for actresses to turn milliners. Only recently it was announced that Miss Grace Pinder had opened a dressmaker's establishment, and now we have the Misses Maude and Mabel Sinclair running a costumier's and milliner's under the name of "Moirs," at 18, Green Street, Leicester Square, and Miss Millicent Pyne acting as costumier and dress-agent at 93, Regent Street. Miss Pyne made her first appearance on the stage in "The Nautch Girl," at the Savoy, and, later, played such parts as Princess Kalyta in the American production of "Utopia, Limited," Bianca in "Mirette," Juanita in "The Chieftain," Daisy Vane in "An Artist's Model," Mollie Seamore in "The Geisha," and the title-role in "The Lady Slavey." Miss Maude Sinclair played Little Lord Fauntleroy nearly nine hundred times, appeared as Fifi at the Strand in "A Chinese Honeymoon," and, with her sister, Miss Mabel Sinclair, played the Babes in "The Babes in the Wood" for five consecutive years at different provincial theatres.



WIDESPREAD as the interest always is in the music which is abroad the land on Christmas Day, whether in churches or other communions, possibly the greatest interest would be found in the different renderings in the Catholic colleges of England, Scotland, and Ireland of Plain Song. There are, of course, many versions of Plain Chant, and you do not find them repeated in each of the separate churches. But, at all events, you do find a similarity and identity of beauty throughout the whole of these renderings which are highly effective. If we are correct, Westminster, Ampleforth, and Downside, more or less, side themselves amongst the interpreters of Ratisbon; such part of the ceremony as is devoted to Plain Song at Stonyhurst and some two or three others claims Ratisbon for its adherent in music. At Fort Augustus, the most noble chant of all we have given to us according to the different systems of Beyreud and Maredzous; we rather fancy that Westminster follows, but to those who desire to hear this magnificent Plain Song at its best, it is to the North of Scotland and to Fort Augustus that they must direct their footsteps.

Miss Lilian Coomber, the prima-donna who is making such a marked success in the part of Elsie in "The Yeomen of the Guard," at the Savoy Theatre, is a singer who has already achieved much success in grand opera. As a matter of fact, she has sung many rôles, both at home and abroad, her répertoire including such parts as Carmen, Marguerite, Elsa, and many another. For two years she was a leading member of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, where, of course, she gained much of her experience. She has also sung on the concert platform and at some of the provincial festivals in England.



A POPULAR SINGER AT THE CASINO AT NICE:
Mlle. LILIAN GRENVILLE.

Mlle. Grenville is an Anglo-American.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

meeting on Bach's Church Cantatas, and selection was afterwards made of the place for holding the Conference in the present year. Mr. W. D. Hall will take the chair on Friday morning, and the same evening the annual banquet will take place at the Empire Hotel at Buxton.

The holidays of a critic are short and evil. In the old days the close of the Opera Season brought with it a certain relaxation, delightfully relieved by the provincial musical festivals. Nowadays, the so-called relief of the musical festivals is nothing more than

an attack on hard work, when one remembers the enormous number of new compositions which have been given in England during the past two years. But though one might have expected the hard labour of a festival to have resulted in a short period of quietude, and possibly preparation for the future, one is disappointed, as a Covent Garden season in the autumn on the top of all these other seasons is really a very serious tax upon the activities of the musical Press. And now in another two weeks comes another Covent Garden season.

A very enthusiastic welcome was accorded to Mr. W. Kuhe, the veteran musician, when he visited the Brighton School of Music a few days ago, on the occasion of the distribution of prizes. Mr. Kuhe, who has just celebrated his eighty-third birthday, expressed the hope that he might live to see the twenty-fifth anniversary of the school. He first went to Brighton in 1847, and it was in that year that Jenny Lind received a fee of five hundred guineas from the local manager of the town hall for singing there. The prices of the seats ranged from one guinea up to three guineas, and even at such high figures as these there was not a vacant seat in the hall.

It is indeed good news to hear that Paderewski is expected to be heard in London again during the forthcoming musical season. It is so long since he has been amongst us that music-lovers will look forward to his appearance eagerly. During the months of February and March he has arranged to give a series of twenty-two recitals in the provinces.

The programme announced for the afternoon concert of New Year's Day at the Queen's Hall, under the direction of Mr. Henry Wood, was very interesting. It included Mozart's Overture to "The Magic Flute," Schubert's Ballet Music to "Rosamunde," Tchaikowsky's famous "1812," and many another equally well-known work. Miss Maria Philippi was announced as the vocalist.

Miss Katharine Goodson, the well-known English pianist, makes her début in America on Jan. 19 at Boston, in conjunction with the Symphony Orchestra of that city. She will also appear with the Kneisel and the Boston Symphony Quartets, and afterwards in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and other cities in the United States. We wish her every possible success in her new undertaking.

We hear that Miss Marie Hall has been performing in Vienna with marked success. The musical public in that city had heard so much of her romantic history that they flocked to hear her, and were so delighted with her playing that she was enthusiastically greeted on all sides. Miss Hall is so capable a violinist that it is no wonder that her reputation is as great on the Continent as it is in England.

COMMON CHORD.



A POPULAR SINGER AT THE CASINO AT NICE:
MME. SCALAR-MINNE.

Mme. Sclar-Minne went from Covent Garden to the Nice Casino, there to create the title-rôle in Massenet's "Ariane."

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



ACCESS TO THE MOTOR-CAR REGISTERS, AND CHEAP ADVERTISEMENTS—SIGNPOSTING—THE TOURIST TROPHY RACE FOR 1907.

NOT only are motorists a persecuted body so far as the administration of the laws goes, but compliance with certain requirements of the Motor-Car Acts lays them open to much annoyance from traders who seek to advertise upon the cheap. Replying to a question in the House of Commons the other day, Mr. John Burns said that though the County Council and Borough Council motor-car registers were not open to the inspection of the public, anyone could on payment of a shilling, and showing reasonable cause for his request, obtain a copy of the entries. Now, as I know from actual experience, the merest allegation against a motorist is regarded as a reasonable cause for requiring such a copy, and the result is that every Tom, Dick, or Harry who wishes to pour through the post circulars advertising some notion or other can obtain a valuable list of names and addresses by merely stating that he has been inconvenienced or annoyed by a motorist upon the road. This is why a man finds that his possession of a motor-car is a signal for the congestion of his letter-box by printed matter from all and sundry, and from all parts of the country. It is more than annoying, and I do not hesitate to say that, so far from any difficulty being experienced in gaining access to these registers, such access is made altogether too easy for the comfort of the private motor-car owner.

A very commendable and desirable agitation is now on foot to obtain some measure of reform in the method of signposting the roads of this country. Such indication as is still found at forks and cross-roads is very much in the condition judged reasonably suitable to the traffic of sixty to seventy years ago, whose highest average of speed did not exceed ten miles per hour. At such a rate of progression it was not difficult to decipher the inscriptions upon signpost arms, even when partially obliterated; but with the increased speed prevalent on our highways to-day, it is the rule rather than the exception to overrun even a newly painted direction before it can be read. The time is close at hand—if, indeed, it has not already arrived—when self-propelled traffic will throng our roads very much as did horse-drawn vehicles in the days when Miss Mitford wrote "Our Village," and common-sense will dictate that the comforts and conveniences of the road must be schemed with the necessities and requirements of this later traffic in view.

Any motorist reading these notes will recall how often, when threading his way through strange country, he has overshot faintly written or partially hidden signposts, and been obliged to slow down and go back to a point from which he could read them. Signposts, if they are to be worth the money spent on their erection and maintenance, should be so installed and displayed that they are of use to

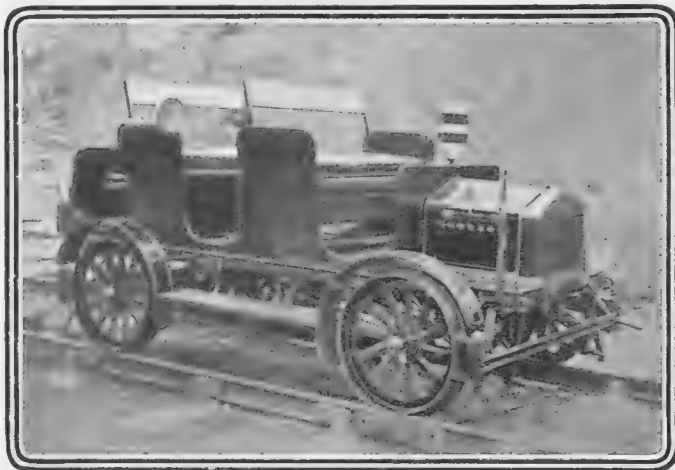
the through traffic, for it is obvious that the local people, by reason of their local knowledge, can have no need of them. If any scheme is adopted for reorganising the signposting of our English country roads throughout, the opportunity offers to carry it out in a better, more suitable manner than has yet been done in any country in the world. The French *indicateur* example, while excellent in itself, must not be followed too closely. Full of information as these frequently recurring signs are, the inscriptions are much too small, and the arms are too crowded for modern motor traffic. It is impossible to read a

French *indicateur* unless one stops or crawls slowly by. A great fault also is the fact that the name of the place in which the *indicateur* stands is given in the largest letters. What the wayfarer wants to know is the name of the next good-sized place the road leads to, and that of the last important town or village it has left behind. No; we should not do well to follow the French system, good as it is, too slavishly. It can be improved upon.

The regulations for the Tourist Trophy Race of 1907 have just been issued, and will, I think, be found to differ from those of 1906 and 1905 in a manner satisfactory to all intending competitors. A heavier spirit—to wit, a spirit of a specific gravity of 715 to 725 will be supplied by the club for use during the race, and will be available for test-driving before the event. As last year, the allowance of petrol will be in the ratio of one gallon to every twenty-five miles of road to be covered, and the course is, to be one-third longer than it was last September. No minimum chassis weight is fixed, but the total load to be carried on the same—namely, body, driver and mechanic, ballast, spare parts, tools, luggage, and provisions, but not fuel, water, or oil—must not be less than 12 cwt. 2 qr. The requirements as to top-speed driving at twelve miles per hour without declutching, and of stopping and re-starting on a gradient of 1 in 6 on a forward gear which obtained last year are again in force.

It is probable, but as yet not quite certain, that a heavy class will be opened for the Tourist Trophy Competition, in order to include cars having four-cylinder engines up to 5-inch bore, with a chassis load of one ton. This has been urged upon the club by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders on the ground that the public appear to be ready purchasers of this class of vehicle. I very much fear that the introduction of this class will rob the original class of many entries, for it has been frequently asserted that the car emanating from the Tourist Trophy rules, and built in accordance therewith, is not in general public request. In many cases, however—

the Arrol-Johnston, the Rolls-Royce, the Berliet, the Vinot, for instance—it has produced light, fast, sweet-running cars, costing comparatively little for fuel, upkeep, or tyres.



WHY NOT KEEP YOUR PRIVATE RAILWAY LOCOMOTIVE?
A MOTOR-CAR DESIGNED TO RUN ON TRAIN-LINES.

Photograph supplied by W. A. Mountstefen.



THE MOTOR-BUS IN THE HAUTES ALPES: A SCENE ON THE LA GRAVE ROAD.

The buses run between Bourg d'Oisans and Lautaret.

Photograph by C. Chusseau-Flaviens.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

HANDICAPPING—REMINDERS—RE FEES—FUTURE EVENTS.

THE entries for the majority of the spring handicaps will be published to-morrow, and once more the little punters will be early on the war-trail to try and spot the winners of the double event. The public are good judges as a rule, and during the season of 1906 they managed to find the majority of the winners of the big handicaps. The Lincoln Handicap is compiled by Mr. R. Ord, who generally does his work very well. He knows the form of both the northern and the southern horses, and his compilations are at times perfect puzzles to the talent. The handicap for the Grand National will be framed by Messrs. J. B. and E. Topham, who allot the weights for all races run under National Hunt Rules at Aintree. The brothers Topham do their work thoroughly, and the cross-country Derby is, in my opinion, one of the most popular races of the whole year. True, the horses-for-courses theory works out well over this track. All the same, the event is well worth watching, despite the many falls that take place as a rule. The "Weighting Trio," Messrs. Dawkins, Keyser and Lee, act at Epsom and Kempton, and it goes without saying that the Great Metropolitan and City and Suburban are generally exciting enough, while the Jubilee invariably provides a good contest. Mr. Dawkins acts on his own in framing the handicap for the Chester Cup. The same gentleman will apportion the weights for the Liverpool Spring Cup and the other races to be run under Jockey Club Rules at the Liverpool Spring Meeting.

There are so many little technicalities in connection with racing that it is not surprising to be told that the big trainers are compelled to employ secretaries, while one of our most popular owners pays a journalist £500 a year to look after his entries, forfeits, etc. A trainer's license has to be obtained annually under the Rules of Racing. For this £1 is charged, to be devoted to the Bentinck Benevolent Fund, and the same rule applies to jockeys. Assumed names have

to be registered annually, and the fees are £30 under the Rules of Racing and £10 under National Hunt Rules. Colours should be registered annually or for life. The fees for registration are: Rules of Racing, one year, 5s.; for life, £5; National Hunt Rules, one year, 5s.; for life, £2. This would seem to mean, if it means anything, that a life would not last so long under National Hunt Rules as under the Rules of the Jockey Club. The registration of authority to act must be made under both rules. The charges are 2s. 6d. annually under the Rules of Racing, and 5s. until withdrawn under National Hunt Rules. Then there are fees for the naming and registry of horses and for partnerships, leases, contingencies, etc. Add to all these the entry-fees, weighing-fees, trainers' charges, jockeys' charges, and railway expenses, and it will at once be seen that the owner's life is not always a happy one; especially when he finds himself with a four-figure yearling purchase which is not worth the shooting.

As this is the season of calendars it may be useful to tell when the big races of 1907 are to be run. The Lincoln Handicap will take place on March 19, and the Grand National on March 22. The Queen's Prize will be decided at Kempton on April 1, which is Easter Monday. The Great Metropolitan is fixed for April 23, and the City and Suburban for April 24. The Two Thousand Guineas is fixed for May 1 and the One Thousand for May 3. The Chester Cup will be decided on May 8 and the Kempton Jubilee on Saturday, May 11. The Manchester Whitsuntide

Cup will be run on May 24. The Derby will come very late, as it is not decided before June 5, while the Oaks is set for June 7. Ascot commences on June 18, and the Ascot Gold Cup takes place two days later. The Eclipse Stakes, which should be a good race, is fixed for July 19, and the Liverpool Summer Cup for July 26. Goodwood will open on July 30, when the Stewards' Cup will be run for, the

Goodwood Cup being contested on Aug. 1. Sandown Park gets a new fixture on Aug. 5, the Bank Holiday. The race for the St. Leger will be run on Sept. 11, and the Prince Edward Handicap will be decided at Manchester on Sept. 21. The Jockey Club Stakes, which at present looks like a gift for Beppo, will be decided at Newmarket on Oct. 3, and the Duke of York Stakes at Kempton on Saturday, Oct. 12. The Cesarewitch is set for Oct. 16, the Middle Park Plate for Oct. 18, and the Cambridgeshire for Oct. 30. The Liverpool Autumn Cup, which, by-the-bye, has dwindled somewhat of late years, will be run on Nov. 8. The Derby Cup will be contested on the 14th, and the flat-race season closes on

Saturday, Nov. 23, when the Manchester November Handicap is set for decision. Of the big jumping events to be decided, the following are worthy of mention: Grand Military Gold Cup at Sandown on March 1; National Hunt Steeplechase on March 7; Lancashire Steeplechase at Manchester on April 1; and Jubilee Handicap Hurdle Race at Manchester on April 2. The French One Thousand and Two Thousand are fixed for April 28, the French Oaks for May 26, French Derby for June 2, and the Grand Prix de Paris for June 16.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's Monday 'Tips' will be found on our "City Notes" page.

SKIPPER WILHELM II.

Unfriendly critics in Berlin say that the German Emperor deliberately chooses for his own use uniforms and helmets which add to his height; that, although he is a quite short man, he so plans his garb that he shall appear a strutting six-footer. That is as may be. The argument certainly does not apply to his appearance at sea. The Kaiser as skipper of his yacht is at his best—when the world is not looking on. He knows the work of the craft from A to Z, and sees that others do it. Where two or three are gathered together, of course the Kaiser must preach. And he does; and people publish his sermons and call them "The Word of the Lord upon the Waters." It is a little discouraging to find that the "Word of the Lord" is the word, not of the German War Lord, but of the War Lord's chaplain, though preached by the Kaiser himself. Of course the Emperor's yachting recreation is made to take on an international character. The launching of his swiftest craft in America was the occasion of exchange of many high-flown messages between the two countries. These did not end so tamely as a meeting on the waters which the Kaiser had with the Tsar. "The ruler of the Western Seas sends his greeting to the ruler of the Pacific Ocean," the Kaiser signalled. The Tsar sent back the chilling answer, "A pleasant voyage."

MRS. STEPHEN P. M. TASKER.



THE FIRST WHITE WOMAN TO CROSS THE WINTER WILDS OF LABRADOR: MRS. STEPHEN P. M. TASKER IN HER "GOING-AWAY" DRESS.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen P. M. Tasker, of Philadelphia, can most certainly claim to have spent one of the most novel honeymoons on record. They chose for their trip the wilds of Labrador, and Mrs. Tasker believes herself to be the first white woman to accomplish the feat of crossing them in winter. The start was made from Biscotasing. For some months Mr. and Mrs. Tasker lived amongst the Eskimos.

Photographs by the P.-F. Press Bureau.



NEW SKIPPER OF THE KAISER'S RACING YACHT: CAPTAIN PETERS, OF THE "METEOR."

Photo. A. Rehnke.

Grand National on March 22. The Queen's Prize will be decided at Kempton on April 1, which is Easter Monday. The Great Metropolitan is fixed for April 23, and the City and Suburban for April 24. The Two Thousand Guineas is fixed for May 1 and the One Thousand for May 3. The Chester Cup will be decided on May 8 and the Kempton Jubilee on Saturday, May 11. The Manchester Whitsuntide

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

"SALE AHOY!" is the cry from every mart in London at the moment, and from one point of interest to another one sees fleets of little craft hastening with all speed, wind, weather, and snow-bound streets notwithstanding. Great is the loot also at these ports of call for fair shoppers: such unimaginable bargains in hats, gowns, blouses, costumes, besides temptations not to be striven against in the hundred and one cheapened articles one does not want at present, but not impossibly may—that it would be sheer folly to pass such opportunities by. How the husbands regard these perennial outbursts of expansive activity one does not inquire; but if wise in his generation, the winner of bread will just once in a while shut his eyes to inexorable and inevitable facts, for of that nature are the January sales. And it were better for most men to tie millstones round their necks and take headers in the Serpentine than attempt to bann a bargain which, once rejoicing in the round sum of one shilling per yard, can now be taken to one's home and hearth for ninepence three farthings.

Lately, amongst the many headlines which regale us in the half-penny dailies at breakfast time we have found denunciations—loud and in largest type—concerning the waste and squandering of public money by the very middle-class municipal powers that be in London town. When "wasters" and "wastrels" do not affect individual comfort one is apt to take their crying iniquities with a serene and philosophic calm; when they trench on one's rights as a free-born Briton it becomes otherwise. So it was with us when, returning on Thursday from a country-house visit in Hampshire, where the country looked like an old-time Christmas card with its stainless robe of beautiful snow, one entered this good old town of London to find the railway station and streets running in rivers of mud, the horses ploughing through five inches of unswept snow, an occasional, ineffectual man wrestling with ineffectual shovel against acres of slushy snow. Where are our powers and principalities? we asked each

Continental or Transatlantic centre, would have grappled with the situation, and had armies of sweepers in the streets directly the need arose. But our excellent lethargic British Constitution requires so much time for thought that action generally arrives too late, and so it was with the snow last week.

Leaving unkempt London, with all its pomps and works and wastrels alone, we come to a question of more intimate and personal



[Copyright.]

FOR THE SKATING SEASON.

interest to the feminine gender—or that part of it which takes pains with its appearance and obtains successful results by the wearing of well-cut corsets: an increasingly large proportion of late years, since Englishwomen began to realise the potency of dress as understood by our American and, above all, our Parisian friends and neighbours. Foremost in what may be called the cult of the corset is the long-established and renowned firm of Sykes Josephine and Co. The little shop at 280, Regent Street has at various times received perhaps a greater number of royalties than any other in London; and few are the royal ladies in Europe who have not patronised its famous productions. Sykes Josephine are the sole inventors and patentees of the famous material known as "Krutoid," which is silk woven so tightly as to give the appearance of very thick, soft suède. Cut in a certain way, "Krutoid" is ideal for the corsets which have gained such celebrity. It is made in several degrees of thickness, and while soft and supple, is by no means pliant or yielding, for in corsets that have been worn two years it is found not to stretch a hair's-breadth. Besides corsets, "Krutoid" figures forth largely in the petticoat-tops with attachable silk flounces, of which Sykes Josephine are the first and sole inventors, though such an invaluable notion has, needless to add, been copied by imitators. Entire bodices and petticoat-tops moulded to the figure are a specialty with the firm, and for motoring or driving express the last word of comfort, as "Krutoid" is, while porous, thoroughly warm and cold-excluding. Just now many exquisite examples of French *dessous*—besides silk petticoats, dressing-jackets, Paris blouses, and bridge coats—are being sold at wonderfully low prices, and it will well repay the picker-up of



[Copyright.]

AN ADMIRABLE CORSET AT THE LONDON CORSET COMPANY'S,
23, NEW BOND STREET, W.

other irately, as the black mixture squelched under our lumbering four-wheeler. Where are the City Fathers? Where are the unemployed, and *why* do we pay rates?—questions which a thousand other indignant citizens were doubtless asking at the identical moment, and with equally barren result. Paris, Vienna, Berlin, any

well-considered trifles to visit the cosy little shop near the corner of Oxford Circus and explore the many charming indispensables collected together therein.

Dozens and hundreds of country cousins combine the united delights of theatres and sales, but, of course, the pantomime is the thing of the day and night just now, and we are all joyfully taking personally conducted tribes of beaming nephews and nieces to see "Sindbad" and that wicked Old Man of the Sea who was such a blood-curdling reality to us all as children. In green and glowing contrast to wintry weather without is the delicious mounting of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Adelphi. To schoolboys, Christmas babies, or grown-ups, this exquisite Elizabethan comedy equally appeals, and laughter-lovers daily swell the chorus of chuckles at "The Man from Blankley's."

Never, never will children, big or little tire of Alice and her Wonderland adventures. So here again at the Prince of Wales's we find ourselves in a circle of smiling small faces and rapt attention. I tried to point out one of Alice's well-known jokes a few nights since, fearing it had been overlooked, but was met by the agonised reproof, "Please, please, auntie, don't *extract* me!" After which I really had no courage to "extract" or distract any more!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JUSTINA (Chelmsford).—It would be better to take the sables to the shop they came from. The fur is so valuable now you would feel safer, even if the price charged for altering were more.

ELFRIDA J. (Ingatstone).—Have everything in writing when completing your arrangement, otherwise there will be no redress. The rate of remuneration seems about usual as provincial habits and customs go.

SYBIL.

PANTOMIMES IN GREATER LONDON.

AMONG the pantomime-producing theatres of Greater London—and their name is still legion, despite the inroads of the two-houses-a-night music-hall—the Coronet, Notting Hill, has for some time taken high place. That it has done so by merit is increasingly obvious, in view of this year's presentation of "The Forty Thieves." The chief aim of those responsible has been to provide fun, and they could have chosen no better medium for this than Mr. Johnnie Schofield, whose dry humour has given him a firm footing on the pantomime stage. From the comedian's point of view, the pantomime is Johnnie Schofield, and Johnnie Schofield the pantomime; but this is not to say that he is not well supported. Miss Winifred Hare has forsaken Notting Hill for the time being, but in her place there is Miss Cressie Leonard, an equally piquant and alert principal boy. These two principals are well aided by Miss Beatrice Willey, the Morgiana; Messrs. Dale and O'Melley, the customary comic lieutenants of the thieves' band, and others.

At the Fulham Theatre, Mr. Robert Arthur presents "The Babes in the Wood," with Miss Marguerite Broadfoote as the principal boy, Miss Lily Black as Maid Marian, Mr. John E. Coyle as the

Baron, and those well-known comedians, the Poluskis, as Lifebuoy Beaucaire and Sunlight Jim, members of the Soap Trust. As usual, the management has taken care that the mounting of its show shall be not only effective but elaborate, and the setting, as well as the actors, helps to make up one of the best pantomimes the Fulham Theatre has known.

The Broadway, New Cross, relies upon that old favourite, "Cinderella," in which the name-part is well played by Miss Lucie Caine. The Prince Perfect is Miss Beatrice Edwardes, who proves herself a principal boy of much ability. The humour of the production, which although somewhat of the knockabout type, is diverting, is chiefly in the hands of Mr. Fred Cary, who relies as much upon facial and bodily contortions as upon the "book" or "gags." The other comedians include the "Tally Ho" trio and Miss Florrie Sprightly, who plays the Baroness with a considerable sense of character. Her two sisters (who with her make up the Sisters Sprightly) play Princess Belle and Dandini. Judging from the applause on the occasion of the first performance, Mr. Louis Calvert's production will meet with a full measure of success.

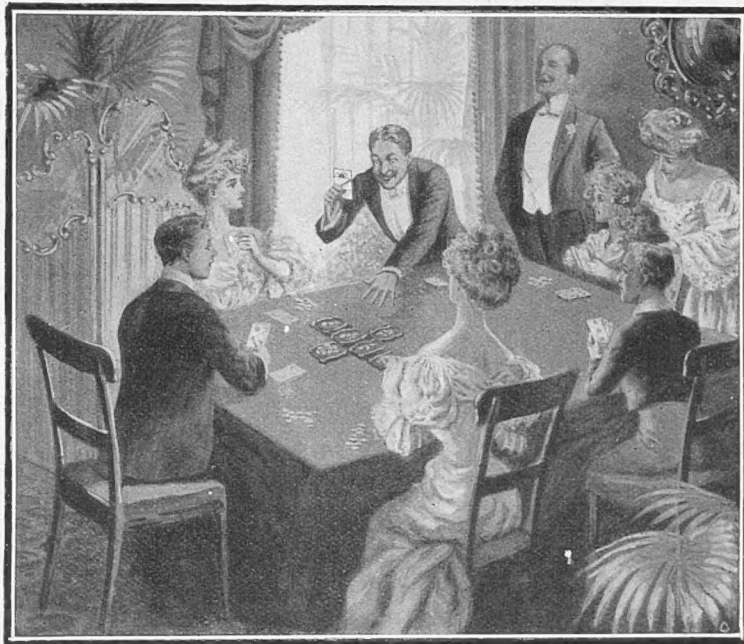
The Crystal Palace has at least two attractions—a production of "Aladdin" in its theatre, and "Lord" John Sanger's Circus. Both are likely to be exceedingly well patronised.

In the former Miss Lily Lassah and Miss Lily Gullick do capable work as the principal boy and girl respectively, receiving excellent support from the comedians, headed by Mr. Arthur Poole, Mr. A. E. Passmore, Mr. Frank Weis, and the Onda Brothers. The Circus, which gives three performances a day, leaves out nothing that a circus of its kind should contain. Amongst the "artists" are performing elephants, boxing dogs, and the school horse Hawcombe, ridden by Miss Lina.

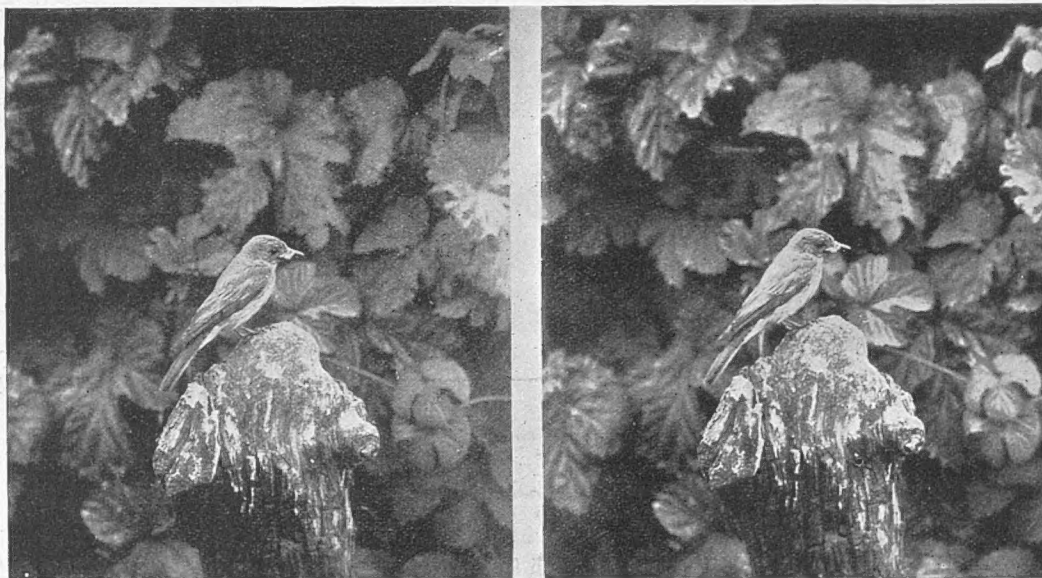
To turn for a moment from the suburbs, we come to the London Hippodrome, which is likely to be a holiday centre for a long time to come. Its new spectacle is not only one of the

most elaborate, but one of the best that has been seen there. Its full title is "The Treasure Ship in Fairy Seas; being the Fascinating Adventures of Treasure-seekers Beneath the Ocean." There are no fewer than eleven adventures, amongst which are "Diving for the Treasure," "Weird Sea-Dwellers," and "The Denizens of the Deep"; while the Apctheosis is divided into three parts—"The Fairy Mermaids," "The Phosphorescent Sea," and "The Gorgeous Coral Cave." Amongst those engaged in the production are Miss Simeta Marsden, who appears as a young Diver; Mr. Lavater Lee, who plays an aged Fisher-

man; Fräulein Sophie, who appears as a Flying Fish; and Miss Annette Kellermann, the famous lady swimmer, and the Finney Sisters, who are Fairy Mermaids. Sea-nymphs are represented by Tiller's Eight Snowdrops, and a Flying-Fish Ballet is given by Heidenreich's Famous Flying Ballet from the Opera House, Paris, Vienna, etc.



PLAYING THE NEW GAME "SKY": "OUT WITH THE SUN."



AN INTERESTING STEREOSCOPIC PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE KEARTON STEREOSCOPIC STUDIES OF "WILD BIRDS AND BEASTS AT HOME."

Fourteen years ago Messrs. Richard and Cherry Kearton, with a view to bettering the methods of the popular natural history book, set to work to photograph wild birds, reptiles, insects, and flowers direct from nature. Their latest development is the study of nature with the stereoscopic camera, so that the stay-at-home may sit by the fireside with a set of the new Kearton stereoscopic photographs, and enjoy many of the delights of a ramble in the country without fatigue or discomfort. On the back of each photograph is a short history of the life and habits of the subject. Those interested should send a postal order for half-a-crown to the manager of the Nature Stereographic Company, 145, Fleet Street, E.C., for Series I. of the Kearton Stereoscopic Studies of "Wild Birds and Beasts at Home."

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 14, 1907.

MONEY IN THE NEW YEAR.

WHAT seems to us one of the most hopeful signs for a reduction in the Bank Rate early next year is the comparative steadiness of Consols. It may be answered that 86 is at best a pitiful price for the premier security of the Empire to stand at, but not even sentiment can save Consols from participation in the general influences affecting investment markets all round. It would appear likely, indeed, that the price might stand lower than it does if there were any real fears of the 6 per cent. Bank Rate lasting much longer. The position in the Money Market has the faculty of altering with remarkable quickness, and while one has a hard task to find substantial grounds for the hope that money will get cheaper, the unexpected happens almost as often in Lombard Street as in the cricket-field. Relieve monetary tension, and Stock Exchange prices will show that the firmness which has characterised them throughout these three months of stringency is but a foretaste of what those prices can do under more elastic conditions. The clamour for gold arises from all parts of the world, where prosperity is now waiting upon industry. The remarkable drain to Egypt is the outcome of a boom in that land sufficient to make the Sphinx blink with astonishment. The demand from the United States has the bounding prosperity of the country as its motive, and so the moral might be pointed from one quarter to another. For credit must stand upon a golden basis for its support. Multiplied though credit may be, there must be a unit of the metal upon which to base the fabric, which fortunately remains good in spite of all its recent tribulation. So long as this is the case, the stress of financial storm can be successfully weathered without causing more than an inconvenience which, after all, will prove only temporary.

SULPHIDE CORPORATION, LIMITED.

Those of your readers who put any money into Broken Hill mines on the recommendations made from time to time in these columns have had no reason to regret their action. All down the list these shares stand at much higher figures than a year ago, while the metal market remains wonderfully strong. When I advised a purchase of North Broken Hill shares, just twelve months ago, lead was quoted at £17 10s. per ton, which was regarded as an extraordinary price, but it is now worth £20 per ton, and there seems little prospect of any serious reaction. In these circumstances very satisfactory dividends may be expected from all the large producers, and there seems no reason to advise profit-taking at present. For those who look rather to an appreciation in capital value than to immediate dividends a purchase of Sulphide Corporations may be recommended. From the report recently issued, and the Chairman's speech at the annual meeting, a fair estimate may be formed of the probable output and profits in the next few years, provided metals remain at a fair price. The following figures represent an attempt at such an estimate, supposing that lead should average £16 a ton, and zinc £26 13s. 4d.

| | Year to June 30, 1907. | Estimated Profit. |
|--------------------------|------------------------|-------------------|
| Tons, crude ore | 178,000 .. | £60,000 |
| „ zinc tailings | 208,000 .. | £70,000 |
| Special sale, dump | 200,000 .. | £55,000 |
| Total | | £185,000 |
| | Year to June 30, 1908. | Estimated Profit. |
| Tons, crude ore | 200,000 .. | £150,000 |
| „ zinc tailings | 350,000 .. | £100,000 |
| Total | | £250,000 |

If these figures, which I believe to be conservative, should be realised, the Ordinary shares should receive an annual dividend of from 15 per cent. to 20 per cent., while if lead should remain at anything like its present price, a much larger profit may be earned. The new mill, which is to treat 4000 tons of crude ore weekly, should be in full running order in about six weeks' time. I may quote in conclusion a few lines from the chairman's recent speech: "When, as will be the case next year, we have our new mill in full work, and, in addition to a full output of lead concentrates, are producing zinc concentrates at the rate of over 100,000 tons a year, and are also freed from the burden of capital expenditure, we shall be able at last to show what our profits really can be, and I do not think that any of you will then be dissatisfied with the showing." Q.

HOME RAILWAYS AND THE DIVIDENDS.

Within a week or so the first of the dividend announcements of the Home Railway Companies will be making its appearance, and there is a general consensus of opinion in the market that the distributions will be decidedly favourable. Caution looks back at the declarations made six months or twelve months ago, when the results of the respective half-year's workings did not come up to the best expectations formed by those who worked out their estimates upon the published traffics. Whereas working expenses some couple of years ago were being curtailed, the more recent tendency has been towards expansion. We think, however, that the optimists will probably see their prophecies fulfilled this month and next. The recently formed freight pool, by which seven Railway Companies combined at Liverpool to stop competition, was a welcome advance along the same lines as were indicated earlier by an agreement between three Companies to check competition in racing to the North. A conciliatory spirit of this sort is calculated to do more good to stockholders than even the collection of ton-mile statistics. Several of the leading Companies may be expected to take powers for the issuing of more capital, and this is likely to be a factor of considerable import to the Home Railway Market in the current half-year. But trade throughout the country is good, giving no indication of contraction, and if the Railway Companies can declare such dividends as would yield 4½ per cent. to 4½ per cent. on the Ordinary Stocks at the present prices, it would only be necessary that money should relax for

a Railway boomlet to show itself. Confidence is, perhaps, best placed in the heavy issues, such as North-Western Ordinary, Great Western, and North-Eastern; but in any revival the lower-priced stocks would also play their corresponding parts. It is a little unfortunate that the last traffics of the year should be upset by the snowstorms; but making allowance for this, the general record for the six months is certainly a good one.

AMERICANS NOW.

Having dragged all the markets into the present monetary mess, Americans ought to be grovelling in the degradation of a severe slump. Instead of which, they wound up the year in good style, showing, on balance, enormous advances in price as the result of the 1906 trading. The flurry last contango day was caused by pointed hints on the part of the banks that they would not lend more money on the security of American shares. Upon this, the money-lenders in the market had little difficulty in fixing such rates as suited themselves, although it must not be supposed that everything written by sensational financial scribes on this subject came within the bounds of strict accuracy. For its business the Stock Exchange must have money, whatever that money may cost, and if men have made big profits, they don't mind paying big rates. Provided this sort of thing does not go on for too long a period, a market is able to bear the stringency without necessarily slumping. This is what is likely to happen in the Yankee Market. During the present nineteen-day account money may become cheaper; but even if it should not do so, there is the assurance that the end of January will bring relief, barring accidents in the meantime. The market, except for money, looks fairly free from adverse circumstances, and as though it will go better with a very little encouragement from either side of the Atlantic.

Saturday, Dec. 29.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. McK.—We never write private letters except in accordance with Rule 5. The people you name are honest as far as we know, but you will not find buying Chartered shares on 20 per cent margin a paying game.

MUSCO.—It is very difficult to advise. We think you might hold Russians for a couple of months, and then put the money into Nitrate shares.

TREBORAX.—See this week's notes. We never give names of members of the Stock Exchange in this column.

ANXIOUS.—It was impossible to answer you last week. The Argentine Company is doing very well. The scheme will be carried out at once, and you will get your income certificates shortly.

GYP.—You must be misinformed, as the Third Debenture stock is irredeemable except in case of liquidation.

PORT.—The price of Steel Common depends very much on the course of the Money Market. It is a pure gamble, with chances somewhat in your favour.

RELIANCE.—We have no special information as to the Asbestos Company, but the market seems to think they have had a good year.

SPRING.—The mine will probably prove a good one, but we see no reason for a rise at present. It is a pity you did not buy when we recommended the shares at about 15s.

GRATIA.—See "Q's" note this week; but we should think you could do better with some of the local Tin Companies.

CAMBS.—Your list of present investments is not suitable for a person of limited means. Nos. 1, 2, and 11 are the sort of thing you want. As to proposed list, Nos. 13, 17, 18, 20, 22, and 26 strike us as the sort of thing for a person who has to live on his income. You might add, as more speculative, 24 and 25, and see "Q's" note this week.

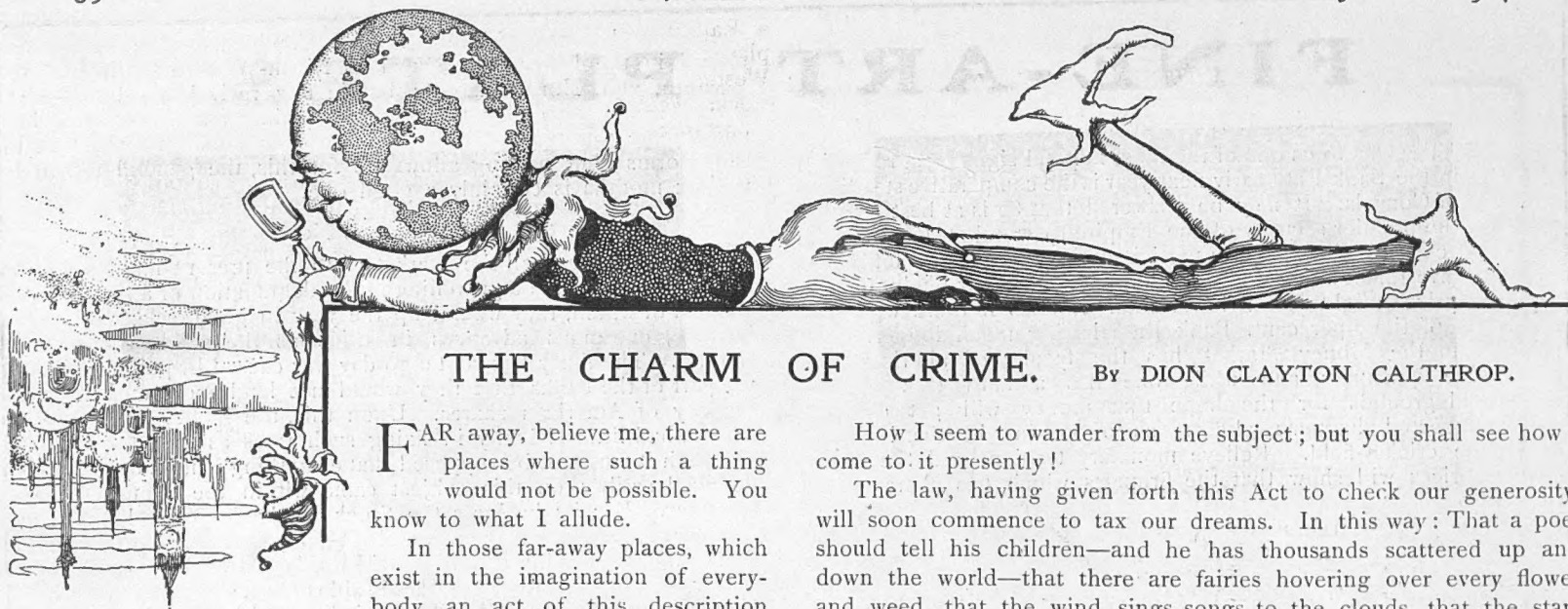
LEX.—We do not see why you should exchange the Mexican Railway shares, but the Jones and Higgins, perhaps, might be sold, and Van den Berghs bought.

C. F.—We have sent your letter to Messrs. N. Keizer and Co.

NOEL.—We should average Districts and Metropolitans, if you can hold on for, say, a few months.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

There should be good racing at Gatwick, where the following may run well: Reigate Hurdle, Black Mark; Purley Steeplechase, What Next; Crawley Steeplechase, Hallgate; Horley Hurdle, Jaloun; Grange Steeplechase, Sexton; Earlswood Hurdle, Bonnie Earl; Maiden Hurdle, Wolfshall. My fancies for Windsor are: Eton Hurdle, Herome; Mill Hurdle, St. Day; Park Steeplechase, Alert III; Englefield Hurdle, Elston; Castle Steeplechase, Canter Home; Maiden Hurdle, Breadwinner.



THE CHARM OF CRIME. BY DION CLAYTON CALTHROP.

FAR away, believe me, there are places where such a thing would not be possible. You know to what I allude.

In those far-away places, which exist in the imagination of everybody, an act of this description

would be regarded as a piece of playful humour on the part of a poet. I mean, of course, this new law by which a gift of a toy to a child is regarded as an act of bribery and corruption. The nursery has become a dangerous place and, beware! nurses may be in the hire of the Government.

There is, luckily, a charm in crime; the criminal is, indeed, the one romantic figure left to us in this our cold-blooded age. So, in a manner, we have to thank the law inasmuch as it brings us all up to the level of criminals, and so throws a glamour over our daily life.

Between the waiter and myself, after lunch, there passed a look which can only pass between brother conspirators; a sum changed hands, and from that moment life became more exciting.

The giving of tips, which had grown to be a common annoyance, a thing done carelessly and openly, is now invested with the pomp and circumstance of a criminal proceeding. There will appear in men's eyes a new look, displacing the nervous glance of the pedestrian, displacing that half-mad motor-stare, and it will give to quite commonplace faces an air of the desperado. Cautious tipping will become an art. There will be a Raffles, King of Tippers, a splendid fellow who will palm his shilling into porters' hands under the very nose of policemen.

But there is another side to this affair of bribery and corruption that I see very clearly. The law, with its meaningless bandages of words, will not stop at this: it will not be long before our imaginations will be taxed. I can see the trend of affairs and the final business of it all, when, since the law frowns upon the cook's present from the grocer, it will browbeat the poet's present to the world. And this will be an awful state of affairs—that is, upon the surface.

If (I say to Tabitha, my cat, who shall represent a silent but sarcastic friend) if the law says, "To the knife with your desire to reward the servants of railway companies; to the dickens with your glass of ale to keep warm such and such opinions," will the law not go further? Ay, my dear Tabitha, and we shall fare worse. That is, in a sense; allow me to explain. The poet (I take him as an example because he is, fine fellow, ill used just now) the poet who sings along the high road of life, and, casting care aside, trills little flower fables (immortal Herrick) for all men to hear, will he not be the object of the law's next attack?

How I seem to wander from the subject; but you shall see how I come to it presently!

The law, having given forth this Act to check our generosity, will soon commence to tax our dreams. In this way: That a poet should tell his children—and he has thousands scattered up and down the world—that there are fairies hovering over every flower and weed, that the wind sings songs to the clouds, that the stars hum the livelong night, is by way of a bribe to the world that it may see itself in more noble colours than the mere drab of daily existence. The poet, being the agent of Heaven, passes his witched and magic sentences into the hearts of those men and women, his children, and so cheats them of their mopishness. The law is all on the side of the pessimists, but the Lord loveth a cheerful giver.

My dear Tabitha (I am still, if you please, addressing my cat), think of a police supervision over poets and, indeed, over all followers of the gentle craft of fiction.

You cannot evade, or dismiss, or abolish, or sneer at the charm of crime. Every new process of thought makes its own martyrs—automatically. Bring the heavy hand of the law down bang! upon the writing of poetry, and immediately a thousand garrets and cellars begin to throb with the voices of new poets. Use the law to crush bribes, and at once bribery will become a venerated institution.

Would you believe it, I started out upon this subject in a light, airy manner of thought, saw, as it were, a cobweb of humour smirching the dusty leaves of the new Act of Parliament, and here we are hammering away on an immortal question about the value of poetry.

My dear Tabitha, these very people who frame the laws break them more cleverly than all the rest of us put together. My delightful cat, it takes a lawyer to break the law as it should be broken—that is, with the very implements with which it was constructed. To remark to a lawyer that such a thing is a mere question of right and wrong is to have a pleasant hour. You will find that black is not black and white is not white in the eyes of the law; that bribery, for

instance, may not be bribery, but correct persuasion; that there is more bribery in the gift of an engagement-ring, which promises a course of life of which the parties are as ignorant as babies, than in the supper given by an author to a dramatic critic. Any lawyer will prove this to you (for a consideration) without the damask mantling his cheek.

The time will most assuredly come when we shall laugh at all our elaborate methods of procedure over tiny trifles; when we shall see that the things worth having in this world are very few and very simple—each man to his own taste; and then lawyers may go to law with each other (which is what they really do now), and there will be a statue to Peter Pan over against the Law Courts, and one to Old Mother Hubbard opposite the Houses of Parliament.



2D. FOR THE WAITER, A £500 FINE FOR THE DINER? HORRIBLE POSSIBILITIES OF THE BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION ACT.

DRAWN BY CHARLES HARRISON.